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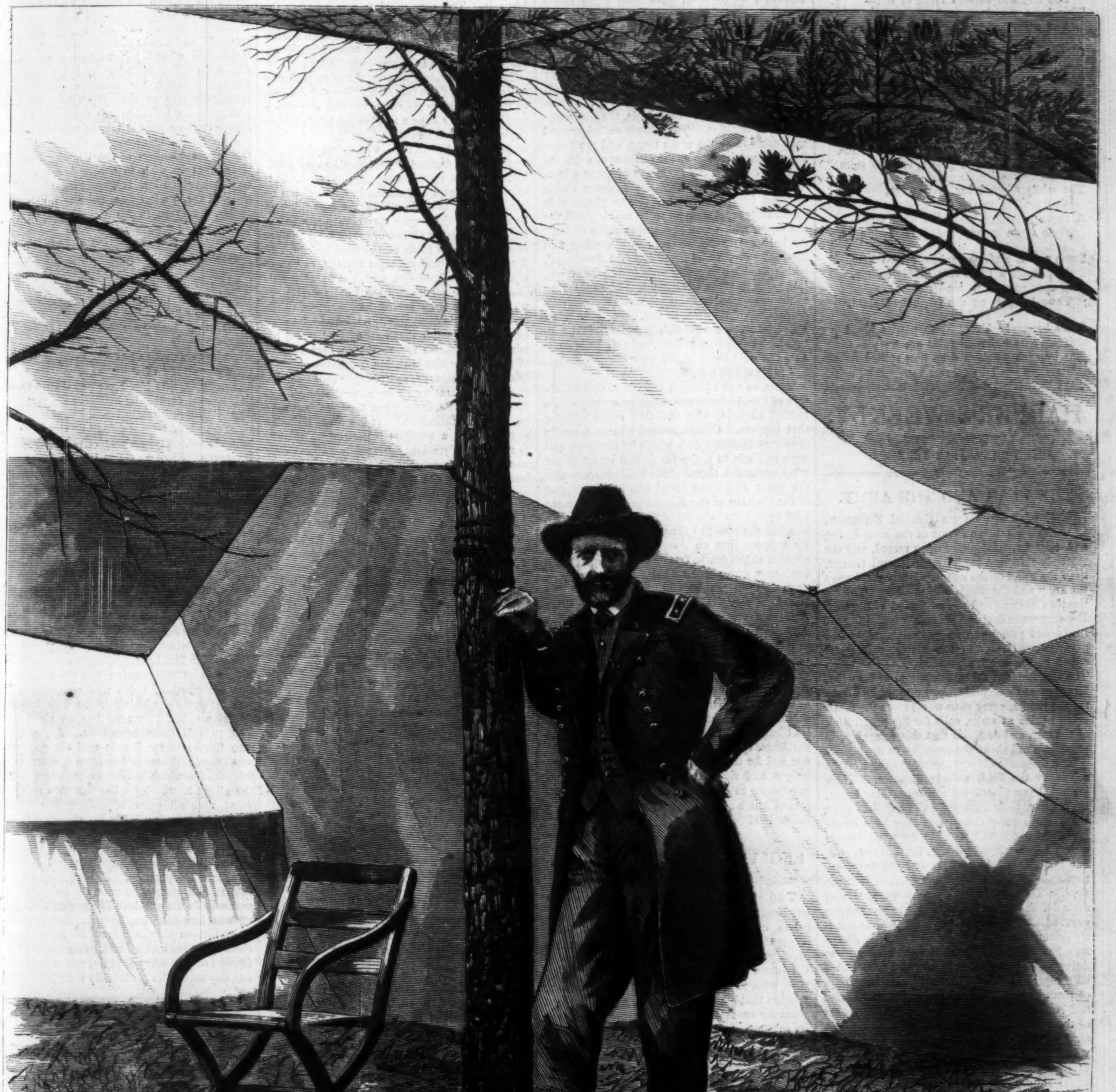


LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AT HIS HEAD-QUARTERS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

OUR FLAG!

[As one of the brigades of the Reserve Corps which came up to the rescue of General Thomas at Chicamauga was marching through Athens, Alabama, a bright-eyed girl of four summers was looking at the sturdy fellows tramping by. When she saw the sun glancing through the stripes of red and on the golden stars of the flag she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "Oh, pa! pa! God made that flag! See the stars!" A shout deep and loud went up from that column, and many a bronzed veteran lifted his hat as he passed the sunny-haired child, resolving, if his good right arm availed any thing, God's flag should conquer.]

DOWN the long street the soldiers passed
In solid columns through the town;
Their clothes were soiled with Southern dust,
Their faces with the sun were brown.

They marched the field of blood to reach,
Where the fierce cannon thundered loud,
And where 'twixt hostile armies rolled
The black and blinding battle-cloud.

They bore aloft with conscious pride
The flag our fathers loved of old—
That banner with the crimson stripes,
And with the shining stars of gold.

Close by the road-side stood a child
With flaxen hair and radiant eyes,
'Neath whose white lids imprisoned seemed
The color of the azure skies.

And when she saw the sacred flag
For which our brave boys bear their scars,
"Papa!" she cried, and clapped her hands,
"God made that flag—see, see the stars!"

The soldiers heard her little voice,
And pealing to the far-off sky
A shout prolonged and loud went up
From those bronzed veterans passing by.

Some raised aloft their dust-stained hats,
And many a stern face kindly smiled,
And eyes unused to tender looks
Turned fondly on the fair-haired child.

God's banner! Yes. With patriot blood
To-day its hallowed folds are wet;
But by each precious drop now spilled
Its stars shall be forever set.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

THE FLAG AND THE ARMY.

THE good news from General SHERMAN, whose campaign is one of the most daring and, thus far, triumphant upon record, and the masterly skill and tenacity of General GRANT, keep the mind of the country firmly fixed upon the army and the progress of the war. The action of Congress and the resolution of the War Department in devising means for recruiting the ranks and presenting an undiminished as well as undaunted front to the enemy, merely respond to the evident purpose of the country. The Government takes the nation at its word. Every great Convention, every orator who speaks for the people, every man who knows the incalculable prize at stake, calls for the prosecution of the war, and demands that this campaign, if possible, shall shake the rebellion to the heart.

The desperate determination, the valor of the rebels in the field, nobody disputes. Their leaders have placed their names, their hopes, their pride, their fortunes, and their lives upon the hazard. For three years they have struggled, and they will struggle on until further struggle is not hopeless only, for it is that now, but impossible. They have scraped their section and brought every available man into the field. They have frankly acknowledged that their defeat now is final. For two months the great battle has been joined. GRANT has steadily driven them to bay in Richmond. SHERMAN has relentlessly pushed them backward to Atlanta. Their furious shocks and onsets have been repelled. Their heaviest blows have helped them little. On land and sea their ill-fated and cursed cause totters, and the Government of the loyal people of the United States, which aims, as it has aimed from the beginning of the war, only at the restoration of the absolute authority of the people, and peace by justice and equal rights, now calls upon those people to supply the men that shall show at once to the rebels and to the world that the power of a great, free, self-governing nation is exhaustless and irresistible.

Now then is the time, before the formal order is issued, for every citizen to use every effort to send a substitute if he can not go himself, and to replenish the army by the spontaneous act of the people. While the rebellion wavers, a steady, strong blow will bring it down. There are yet nearly five good months of fighting weather, and the heroes in the field ask only that they may be supported. The terms of the new bill for recruiting, in which the commutation is abolished, are clear, earnest, and—it seems to us—well considered. The bill means fight, as the country does. The Copperhead papers oppose it, of course, as they formerly opposed the commutation, because they do not mean fight. They mean compromise, surrender, and disgrace. Our armies were never so well led, were never so united and enthusiastic, never fought so persistently and bravely as they do now. Let every loyal man in the land make himself a recruiting committee, that he may have the ennobling consciousness forever, and say to his children, that he too did his active part, by personal retrenchment and sacrifice and exertion, if not by actual service in the field, to secure the permanent victory of that flag whose inspirations and benedictions are so glowingly portrayed in the picture which adorns our present number.

THE "ALABAMA."

THE British pirate ship *Alabama* has been sunk by the American ship of war *Kearsarge*. The action took place off Cherbourg harbor on the morning of June 19, 1864, beginning about eleven o'clock and lasting more than an hour. The armament of the *Alabama* is reported by various authorities to have been three heavy rifled guns, with eight broadside 32-pounders; that of the *Kearsarge* two eleven-inch shell-guns, four 32-pounders, and two smaller guns. The crew of the *Kearsarge* is said by the same authorities to have been one hundred and fifty; that of the *Alabama* about the same number. The *Alabama* opened the fight by a single long-range shot at two thousand yards, the *Kearsarge* reserving her fire. The vessels sailed around each other in circles seven times, and the fighting was mainly done at the distance of a quarter of a mile. After the exchange of about a hundred and fifty rounds from the *Alabama* and a hundred from the *Kearsarge*, the pirate ship slacked fire, and seemed to be making sail for the shore, which was about nine miles distant. At half-past twelve she was in a sinking and disabled state. The English yacht *Deerhound*, which had been hovering near during the action, immediately made toward the *Alabama*, saving about forty men, including SEMMES and thirteen officers. Of the rest of her crew eight were killed, seventeen wounded, and sixty-eight captured. The *Kearsarge* sustained very little damage, and only three of her crew were wounded. She did not lose a man.

Thus, as was fitting, it appears that the Captain of the *Alabama* was saved by a party of his British abettors, who doubtless came out for that purpose. Others invited him to a public dinner at Southampton, which he declined, and went to Paris to make his dismal report to the rebel emissaries there. The English story that the yacht *Deerhound* saved him at the request of the Captain of the *Kearsarge* is a malignant libel upon the character of that officer. No man who has the honor of the navy at heart will easily suppose that an American captain would connive at the escape from just punishment of a buccaneer whose sole business has been to prey upon defenseless ships and burn them, and who has done more than any other man to drive American vessels from the ocean and destroy American commerce.

But the great fact remains that the British pirate ship, built by British hands in a British yard, manned by British sailors, paid for by British money, encouraged by British sympathy, and cheered by British lungs, as she sailed from a British port, has been destroyed in the British Channel, and under the noses of British sympathizers, by the brave Jack tars who fight under and for the American flag. "Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark" she has gone down to her own place. May the Rebellion, of which she was a fitting instrument, soon follow her!

ENGLISH FRIENDS UPON THE PRESIDENCY.

Two of the most notable and influential of our English friends have lately expressed themselves upon the question of the Presidency. Their views are interesting from the character of the men and from their hearty sympathy in our cause. The first is Mr. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, who, in a public letter to Mr. GARRISON, rebukes that gentleman for supporting the President for another term. His letter is long, but its substance is a complaint that Mr. LINCOLN has not taken, as President, the strongest anti-slavery position, but has emancipated slaves not on moral grounds but only as a military necessity. "Horrible indeed," says Mr. NEWMAN, "is the augury for your future, when your chief magistrate dares not indulge the moralities of his heart through conscientious tremors at the guilt of violating the wicked laws of conquered rebels?"

The total and unnecessary mental confusion evinced by such a passage as that is appalling. Mr. NEWMAN seems not to have the least perception of the fact that the President is a magistrate bound by oath to administer a government according to a constitution, and that, while that constitution confers, under certain circumstances, the highest powers, those powers can be properly and safely exercised only with due regard to the will of the people of whom the magistrate is the agent. If now it were possible for Mr. NEWMAN to comprehend the circumstances under which the President exercises that power, he would see that to accomplish in any degree the end for which Mr. NEWMAN and all good men pray, it is necessary, vitally and inevitably necessary, to proceed as the President does. This war is only indirectly a moral reform. If the President, on the 14th of April, 1861, had summoned the country to arms to save the Union by abolishing slavery, the country would not have responded. It may be our shame that we hastened to obey a call for union merely, which we should only partially and unsuccessfully have answered for emancipation; but it is no less true. The slave influence had so debauched the national mind, was so intrenched in party-spirit, that the rebels would have asked nothing better than an edict of universal emancipation. The moral sentiment of the country, as well as its political consistency and fidelity, had to be educated by the war. And whatever the moral convictions of the President might have been, it would have been the extremest folly for him to have assumed them to exist in the heart and wish of the people. They were not there. He knew it. Every thoughtful man in the land knew it. The very problem was, whether the war could be waged upon the other ground, or whether, as the rebels and their Northern friends fondly hoped, the revolution was virtually accomplished before it began.

Mr. NEWMAN, in his letter, shows so profound an ignorance of the controlling facts of the case in which he gives so summary and decisive a verdict, that we have a right to ask him whether the very fact that he differs from Mr. GARRISON, whose whole life is an act of moral devotion, ought not to suggest to him that he may possibly be in error upon some essential point. It is idle to say that a statesman, in the position of Mr. LINCOLN, is to do all that he may think to be abstractly right upon any occasion, without regard to times, or places, or persons. The duty of a statesman is to do all the good he can. If Mr. NEWMAN could acquaint himself, as he can not, as no foreigner can, with the exact condition of public affairs and the public sentiment when Mr. LINCOLN assumed office, down to the opening of this campaign, and contemplate the measures of justice that have characterized his administration, we are very sure that instead of denouncing him with Mr. FREMONT and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, as betraying human liberty, he would rather cheer with the black soldiers in GRANT's army, when the President rode by, for "the Liberator." It is a cruel injustice at home, it is a needless injustice in England, to revile the President for steadily walking over stones and through thorns toward the desired bourne, instead of trying to fly thither above all obstacles, and dropping at once, impotent, baffled, and despised.

Mr. NEWMAN condemns himself in the very last sentence of his letter. If we Americans have a "ruinous national insanity—prejudice against color"—and we do not deny, but deplore, that the phrase is almost exact; it is but another way of saying that that prejudice is quite universal. How, then, can a President, who retains his common sense, affect that it does not exist? How can he, without criminal folly, disregard that fact in his administration, however heartily he may bewail it and aim to overcome it? The first duty of every citizen is doubtless to destroy so unmanly, so mean a prejudice. But its destruction is not accomplished by passing a law which assumes that it does not exist. The law may wait, it must and should wait, until it expresses the conviction of the people. Meanwhile our friends every where may be very sure that the President and every other good citizen will do what he can to remove the shame. Does Mr. NEWMAN propose to chide the hand for waiting sixty minutes before it marks the hour?

Another English friend, of greater public renown than Mr. NEWMAN, writes in a private letter: "I shall be glad to see you safe through the crisis of the Presidential election. The feeling of your friends here is, I think, universally in favor of LINCOLN, both because he seems to them, on the whole, to have done his part well, and because it would be a proof of constancy on the part of the 'fickle democracy' of America. His recent letter explaining the principles of his conduct on the question of slavery appeared to all of us an admirable document. No state paper equal to it in sterling qualities has been produced on this side of the water for many a year."

Our English friends have a very difficult duty to perform. They must maintain our cause often in profound ignorance of circumstances and of the details of the truth. Thus we have lately heard of ROBERT BROWNING citing the case of the colored sergeant WALKER, who was shot rather than serve without regular soldier's wages, as an instance of unmatched heroism. We have not spared our word for justice to the colored troops in the matter of pay. But justice should lead Mr. BROWNING to correct his judgment when he learns that WALKER was shot for attempting a mutiny. If every soldier is to take the righting of wrongs into his own hands, and try to persuade others to join him, the result is clear enough. We are glad to know that the mass of the friends of this country abroad agree with the great multitude of Union men at home that the President has done his part too well to be set aside for any untried man.

WENDELL PHILLIPS UPON THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

IF the articles in the FREMONT organ, the ratification meeting at the Cooper Institute, and the letter of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS to the *Independent*, are illustrations of the manner in which the campaign of the Radical Democracy is to be prosecuted, all feeling of indignation disappears in incredulity and pity. The speeches and the Copperhead applause may be contemplated with a smile, but it is impossible to read Mr. PHILLIPS's letter without sadness, not because he favors Mr. FREMONT, but because he asperses those who support Mr. LINCOLN. Any expression of opinion may be easily enough disposed of if you may stigmatize it, unchallenged, as insincere. If we may say that the men who made the Cleveland platform were hypocrites, Mr. PHILLIPS's position becomes painfully absurd. But he does deliberately say this of the Baltimore Convention, and, of course, as hypocrites are rascals, he has the argument, after the start, all his own way. He calls one of the Baltimore resolutions "meaningless and hypocritical," and speaks of another as a compliment insincerely offered. Now, that a man should find a resolution meaningless is his undoubted right. Nothing, for instance, can be more meaningless to us than the Cleveland assertion that the rebellion has destroyed Slavery. But how if we should say, in view of some of the prominent managers at Cleveland and of the loud applauders of the Cleveland nominations, that its wish to secure equality for all men before the law is hypocritical? Yet we should have, we imagine, quite as much reason as Mr. PHILLIPS in his aspersion upon Baltimore.

When a great convention of patriotic men, who do not become speculators and contractors because Mr. PHILLIPS calls them so, declare that harmony should prevail in the national councils, and that those only are worthy of public confidence who cordially approve certain principles, they may be mistaken; but why are they any more hypocritical than their accuser when he says that he has confidence in the anti-slavery purpose of JOHN C. FREMONT? His argument is, that Mr. FREMONT should be publicly trusted because he holds certain principles. The Baltimore resolution declares that only those who hold certain principles should be publicly trusted. Hypocrites! cries Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. Shall we retort "hypocrite?" No; for we confide in his honesty, and if he does not confide in the honesty of the men who met at Baltimore, it is simply because he knows nothing about them, and is much too swift to assume the dishonesty of all who do not agree with him.

Mr. PHILLIPS's letter has been well answered, and at length, in the *Independent*. Our object is only to protest against that kind of argument which consists in calling your opponents knaves. If he really believes that the Baltimore Convention said what it did not mean, he must be content to know from those who are better informed that he is utterly mistaken. There are men who oppose Mr. LINCOLN, there are others who support him reluctantly; but the Convention was composed of those who commended him and his general administration with heart-felt sincerity. Mr. PHILLIPS has no right whatever to call them hypocrites. All generous men forgive to his honest zeal the unsparing, wholesale, and savage invective against an administration which has done more to accomplish the object to which his life has been nobly devoted than all other administrations together from the beginning. To his chosen and well-filled part of moral agitator they forgive his caustic and contemptuous criticism of all expedients by which great moral principles are to be reduced to practice. But his vast vituperation and bitter assaults upon the characters and motives of men who love liberty and their country not less than he, however they may differ from him as to the means of serving them, these are things which make many an admiring friend sad and sorry for him, and will they not one day make him profoundly sorry for himself?

"WE CAN'T SUBDUE THE REBELS."

To the desponding or exulting exclamation "Oh, we can't subdue the rebels!" there is but one reply. If it be indeed true, then the Government is at end; the Union is dissolved; and every State is again an individual political community, for the bond which holds New York to Pennsylvania is exactly the same that unites New York and Georgia, and if it is broken any where it is broken every where. If it be true, our national flag has disappeared, the national honor is gone; and most of the States of the American Union are separate powers of smaller population than the cities of London or Paris. There is no navy, no army, no common force, no collective glory. The work of a hundred years is undone, and what State, section, party, or individual is the gainer of the least real advantage?

If we "can't subdue the rebels," the rebels have subdued us. In that case JEFFERSON DAVIS will be content, because his pride will be satisfied. FERNANDO WOOD and his followers, the Copperheads, will be content, because they will hope to prostitute the character of the North to a new Union upon terms dictated by slavery. The foreign enemies of the Union will be content; for they have hated to see a republic which might one day completely vindicate the great truth of equal human rights as the only secure foundation of government. But there can be no real advantage gained by any of these. Davis will have founded a kingdom which civilization will abhor. Wood will share the fate, a thousand-fold more terrible, of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr; while the foreign powers will soon be in worse straits from their quarrels over our remains than they would ever have been from our united policy of peace. The Government of the United States will be overthrown; there will be universal anarchy upon its late domain; there will be a universal hopelessness of any new Union upon any honorable terms; each State, a prey to passionate party-spirit, will fall into civil war, and those who so triumphantly assert that "We can't subdue the rebels," will learn what it is to be a citizen of a nation utterly shattered, degraded, and despised.

The alternative, as we have already said, is very clear. Either the people must conquer, or the rebellion will. Either the authority of the Government must be maintained unconditionally, or it must be overthrown; for a Government which allows citizens to dictate the terms upon which they will obey the laws has ceased to be a Government. The talk about negotiation and settlement is idle, and unworthy sensible men. The moment that we tolerate the thought of negotiation we begin to yield the Government. Mr. Wood and his followers insist that the war must end in compromise, because they know that compromise is the victory of the rebellion, and they wish the rebellion to succeed. For when they insist that the war is wicked and ought to stop, and propose to send commissioners to Richmond to arrange terms "honorable to the South," they propose the destruction of the Government, which is the success of the rebellion.

When such men say, "We can't subdue the rebels," their meaning is as clear as their patriotism. But when the same phrase is used merely in despondency by those who sincerely wish the national honor to be maintained, they should be asked to remember what the prospects of the war were one year ago, and what they are now. Gold is higher, but so is the spirit of the people. The army that drove Lee from Gettysburg now threatens both his supplies and his escape from his own capital. Gold may go still higher, but so will the national determination, and there is no reason to apprehend disaster until there is a cry from the cowed and breaking heart of the American people, "We can't subdue the rebels!" When that cry is heard the rebels may subdue us, and welcome, for there will be nothing left worth fighting for.

HOME FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Mr. Benjamin Fitch, of Darien in Fairfield County, Connecticut, has done what many a patriotic man in many a town and village throughout the country will doubtless do before this war is over. He has given five thousand dollars, with a tract of land and a building for the founding of a Soldier's Home. The special object of the charity is the support of Connecticut soldiers, and primarily those of the district in which the home is situated. Here is a simple, humane, and patriotic charity which serves no selfish or merely personal end, and is worthy of the widest and most general imitation. The soldiers of this war are henceforth heroes. They will be held in the most kindly and generous remembrance. But gratitude alone will not feed them; and while the Government will take care that the republic shall not even seem to be ungrateful, the claim upon private bounty and assistance will be necessarily large and emphatic. No man can link his name with a nobler benefit to his fellow-citizens; and the soldiers' home, the retreat of the disabled men who have given all for the common welfare, may well become one of the proudest and most interesting institutions of our counties and cities.

NEW BOOKS.

The fourth volume of Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great" is just issued by the Harpers, and is a wonderful monument of the genius of the author. Carlyle has set himself an impossible task, and he does it with an incredible power of wit, picturesque narration, sarcasm, and indignation. Out of a century which he denounces as barren of all good things, and almost destitute of great men, he selects Frederick of Prussia as the great man and a true king. The truth is against him upon both points; but he gives battle with the pluck of a Titan storming heaven, and his work is as brilliant as Vulcan's hammering iron at his forge. But let him hammer never so strenuously, and in the corruscation of his blows beat his iron to a jelly, yet he can never transform it into velvet. Even Thomas Carlyle can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. He is clearly conscious of this as he goes on. He has too shrewd an insight not to know that the case has already gone against him. His hero is too much of a charlatan, with all his genius as a soldier—he is too poor a specimen of a king by divine right, and there is no other, crowned or uncrowned, for Carlyle not to know that, while his work is more prodigious than any he has ever written, it fails of its intention. Not a heartbeat of love or sympathy, not a throb of admiration as for a benefactor of men, not an emotion of gratitude as to one who used every opportunity and talent for the best, does this elaborate, magnificent, and truly wonderful portrait, inspire. Yet as a literary performance it is masterly. Characters and events are touched with living light. Even poor old General Braddock reappears upon these pages with pathetic and unfading distinctness. Voltaire is crucified with ridicule in revenge for making the great Frederick seem little to posterity. The book is Carlyle the Great and his protegé Frederick against the world. It is a work of exhaustless and irritating attraction, and this volume is of especial interest at this time from its masterly battle-pieces.

The "History of the Rebellion, its Authors and Causes," by Joshua R. Giddings (Follett, Foster, & Co.), is a most important contribution to our history. It is properly the political annals of Slavery, from the formation of the Government to the proclamation of emancipation, by a man whose life was passed in the great debate. It is a relation of facts without much amplification, and is compiled from all the authentic sources and from the memory and experience of the annalist. It is not a complete history of the subject in all its aspects; but all the substantial facts are recorded. The profound conviction and earnestness of Mr. Giddings, joined with the moral heroism which marked his career, invest his story with living interest. He is often very felicitous in brief portraiture, as when he calls Mr. Benton "an able, earnest man, industrious in his habits, and determined in his purposes. He was, however, distinguished for a degree of self-complacency seldom connected with great moral worth, and in his prejudices he was inexorable." What Mr. Giddings says of the conduct of the long debate by the supporters of Slavery will unquestionably be the final verdict of history upon the point. "This resort to declamation, to the use of epithets, and denunciation against the advocates of liberty, constituted the only supposed justification of Slavery. This practice among statesmen exerted great influence upon the popular mind. It created a general hostility toward all who dared reiterate the undying truths that slaves, in common with the human family, have and hold from the Creator a right to life and liberty." The tone of this work is as temperate as it is decided. The cardinal point of Mr. Giddings's political creed was the equality of human rights. He believed that it was also the true and intended corner-stone of the Union; and he died in the faith that the stone so long rejected was about to become, and forever, the head of the corner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*June* 29. Mr. Hale's resolution instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire what progress has been made in the construction of gun-boats contracted for in 1862 was adopted. There was considerable debate on the policy of printing the documents which had been transmitted from the State Department relative to Mexico. The question was referred to the Committee on Printing. By a vote of 27 to 6 it was resolved that the Senators from Arkansas were not entitled to seats. The amendment to the Pension Act extending to the wives and children of colored soldiers the benefits of this bill, without farther proof than the fact that the parties have lived together for two years, was adopted. The Tariff bill was then passed. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to appoint a day for humiliation and prayer. In the evening session the bill relating to the law of evidence in the District of Columbia was passed. The Enrollment bill then came up. The amendment of the Committee excluding the substitute from bounty was adopted. The period allowed after the call for filling up the quota without draft was reduced from 60 to 40 days. A new section was introduced imposing a special tax of five per cent. on all incomes exceeding $600 for the purpose of paying the bounties provided for in the Enrollment Act.——*June* 30. The bill to facilitate telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western continents was received from the House and concurred in. A committee was appointed on the bill to encourage immigration, consisting of Messrs. Sherman, Anthony, and Lane. The Senate disagreed to the amendment to the Pension Act passed by the House on the 29th. The bill for the more effectual punishment of guerrillas was passed.——*July* 1. The amendment to the Pennsylvania Militia bill, providing for the payment of the officers and men of the Rhode Island, Illinois, and Kansas regiments for their time actually in the service before they were mustered in, was adopted. The joint resolution to repeal the act prohibiting the sale of gold and foreign exchange was passed, 24 to 13. The report of the Committee on the Fortification bill was concurred in. $37,500 were appropriated for a sea-wall at Buffalo. The Boston harbor appropriation was excluded.——*July* 2. Mr. Sumner made a report from the Conference Committee on the disagreeing amendments to the bill to provide for the more speedy punishment of guerrilla marauders, which was concurred in. Mr. Wilson, from the Conference Committee on the bill further to regulate and provide for enrolling and calling out the national forces, made a report that the Committee agreed essentially to the House bill. The bounty is made $100 for one year, $200 for two years, and $300 for three years, instead of $200 for one year, $300 for two years, and $400 for three years; and the bounty is made payable in three yearly equal installments. Full bounty is not allowed to discharged soldiers. In case of death the bounty is made payable to the children, wife, or mother, but not to the legal representative. Notice of fifty days is required to be given before a draft is ordered. The report was at first disagreed to, 18 to 16, and the Senate, by a vote of 28 to 8, resolved to insist on its amendments, and ask for another Conference Committee. This vote was reconsidered, and the bill as modified by the House was passed by a vote of 27 to 8. In the evening session the bill making an appropriation for testing submarine inventions was passed.——*July* 4. The House bill assessing a special tax on incomes, to provide for the payment of bounties, was passed, 29 to 7. The House bill for the relief of the publishers of the *Globe* was passed, 27 to 8. At 12¼ o'clock the Senate adjourned.

House.—*June* 29. The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the bill regulating prize proceedings and distribution of prize-money.—The bill to organize and regulate the Engineer corps in the regular and volunteer army was passed.—The Tariff bill was then passed in the same form as in the Senate.—The House agreed to the amendment of the Senate to the bill to extend the contract for carrying the Overland Pacific mail.——*June* 30. The House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the bill assimilating the rank of warrant officers in the navy.—The Senate bill to facilitate trade on the Red River at the North was passed.—Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, made a report from the Select Committee heretofore appointed, on motion of Mr. Brooks, to investigate the affairs of the Treasury Department, which was ordered to be printed, and the minority of the Committee were given leave to present their views.—The amendatory Enrollment bill was returned from the Senate with amendments.—On motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the following resolution was adopted: *Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this House, the amendment assessing a special tax on incomes to pay bounties contravenes the clause in the Constitution of the United States relative to originating means for the support of the Government, and an infringement on the prerogative of this House, and that the bill be returned to the Senate with this resolution.——*July* 1.—The Senate bill providing for the satisfaction of County claims was passed.—The Senate joint resolution requesting the President to appoint a day of fasting and prayer was adopted.—The Senate bill to facilitate telegraphic communication with Idaho was passed.—The bill amendatory to the Enrollment act was taken up. An amendment that one State shall not be authorized to recruit in another was lost, 63 to 65. Mr. Garfield's amendment authorizing recruiting and voluntary enlistments from rebel States was adopted, 58 to 53. The Senate substitute thus amended was disagreed to, and a Committee of Conference was ordered to be appointed.—The Senate bill to repeal the act prohibiting the sale of gold and foreign exchange was passed, 88 to 29.—In the evening session Mr. Stevens's report from the Committee of Conference on the Civil appropriation bill was concurred in; also, the Senate bill from the Committee of Ways and Means appropriating $300,000 for the erection of buildings for branch mints at San Francisco; and the report of the Committee of Conference on the Northern Route Pacific Railroad bill and on the Central Pacific Railroad bill.——*July* 2. The Senate bill providing for the collection and sale of captured and abandoned property in the insurrectionary districts, and for preventing and punishing frauds, was passed; also, the Senate bill authorizing Paymaster Brinton to be credited with $2,600,000, that being the amount destroyed by the burning of the steamer *Ruth*.—The House bill providing for a Republican Government for States usurped or overthrown by rebellion, was taken up as returned from the Senate with merely one section, providing that States declared by the Proclamation of the President to be in insurrection, shall, until their return to their allegiance to the United States, be incapable of casting a Presidential vote or representation in Congress. The House did not concur, but ordered a Committee of Conference.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the bill for the summary punishment of guerrillas was concurred in.—In the evening session a message was received from the Senate stating that they had passed the House bill, without amendment, providing for a republican form of government in the States overthrown by the rebellion.—The report from the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill was concurred in.——*July* 4. A resolution was passed thanking our officers, soldiers, and seamen for their services in suppressing the rebellion, and congratulating them on their successes. Mr. Washburne, in offering the resolution, said that the rebels in this campaign had lost 60,000 in killed and wounded and 16,000 prisoners.—The House passed the Senate bill to test submarine inventions.—At 12¼ o'clock the House adjourned, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

SECRETARY CHASE'S RESIGNATION.

Perhaps the most important item of domestic intelligence this week is the change which has taken place in the Treasury Department. The resignation of Secretary Chase took the public by surprise. The President nominated Ex-Governor Tod, of Ohio, to fill the place thus vacated; but the appointment not being accepted by Governor Tod, William Pitt Fessenden was appointed, and has accepted. The new Secretary was sworn into office on July 5, Mr. Chase being present at the ceremony.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Up to the close of this week's record there has been no important engagement. General Hancock resumed the command of his corps on the 28th ult. The Federal left had swung around the previous day, taking possession of the Weldon Road. The raids by which the enemy's lines of communication have been broken up in every direction have, most of them, assumed a form in which they may be presented to our readers in detail.

Kautz started from Bermuda Hundred on the 21st ult., and at Prince George Court House came up with Wilson. The next morning—simultaneously with the movement of the Second and Sixth Corps toward the left—the two commands crossed the Weldon Road at Reams Station, eleven miles from our extreme left. No enemy appeared; the dépôt and the public buildings were burned and the track torn up for several miles in each direction. The track was laid with a strap-rail. On the afternoon of the 23d a force reached the junction of the Lynchburg and Danville Road. The rebel infantry stationed to guard this place fled at the approach of the Federals, who destroyed the road and large quantities of stores. At Price's, Meherrin's, and Keeseville Stations the road was destroyed; and on the 25th the column moved through Drakes, and thence to Roanoke Station, on the Staunton River. It was intended to destroy the bridge over this river, but it was protected by artillery; and the Federals, exhausted both by marching and hunger, returned to Roanoke. Wilson and Kautz then moved east and struck the Weldon Road again at a point twelve miles below Reams, toward which they proceeded, expecting to find there reinforcement. On Tuesday, the 28th, when within about three miles of Reams, they were surrounded by rebel cavalry, under Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee; an engagement followed. Nearly all day the Federal force withstood the enemy, but at dusk were compelled to fall back. Information of the situation soon reached the main army, and the next day the Sixth Corps, followed by a division of the Second, proceeded to Reams Station to create a diversion. Kautz, from his knowledge of the country, was able to reach our lines on the 30th, retreating by way of Stony Grove. Wilson went around by a more circuitous route, striking the Weldon Road twenty-five miles south of Reams Station, and crossing the Blackwater, and returned on Friday night, July 1. In regard to the results of this expedition, General Grant's dispatch says:

"Sixty miles of railroads were thoroughly destroyed. The Danville Road, General Wilson reports, could not be repaired in less than forty days, even if all the materials were on hand. He has destroyed all the blacksmith-shops where the rails might be straightened, and all the mills where scantlings for sleepers could be sawed. Thirty miles of the South Side Road were destroyed. Wilson brought in about four hundred negroes, and many of the vast number of horses and mules gathered by his force. He reports that the rebels slaughtered without mercy the negroes they retook. Wilson's loss of property is a small wagon train, used to carry ammunition, his ambulance train, and twelve cannon. The horses of our artillery and wagons were generally brought off. Of the cannon, two were removed from their carriages, the wheels of which were broken, and thrown into the water, and one other gun had been disabled by a rebel shot breaking its trunnions before it was abandoned. He estimates his total loss at from 750 to 1000 men, including those lost from Kautz's division."

Hunter's expedition against Lynchburg has also been concluded. On Friday, June 10, Crook and Sullivan—the latter having the old Sigel division—both commands being under Hunter, marched out from Staunton toward Lexington. A rebel force—M'Causland's brigade—was met and dislodged in front of the town. The bridge across the James was destroyed, and the town having been captured the Institute buildings were burned, also Governor Letcher's house. Captain Blazer, with a company of scouts, found some canal-boats nine miles from the town, which he burned. In them were six cannon—two 6-pounders, one 12-pounder, and three mountain-howitzers—9000 rounds of artillery ammunition, a ton and a half of powder, and commissary stores in great variety and abundance. General Duffie, in the mean time having marched through Waynesborough and destroyed a portion of the Charlottesville and Lynchburg Road, joined the main column on Monday, June 13. The next day Hunter's force effected a junction with Averill's at Buchanan. Here the cutter had captured the Confederate navy records for 1861–1862, with twelve more canal-boats laden with provisions. On the 16th Hunter entered Liberty, on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad, about 20 miles west of Lynchburg, having passed through a gap in the Blue Ridge at the Peaks of Otter. Here the whole command halted, and engaged in the demolition of the railroad in both directions, including a bridge 700 feet long. Averill, in the mean while, had marched to New London, a short distance southwest from Lynchburg, where he confronted a large rebel force. Immediately the main column pressed forward by a road north of the railroad, crossing the latter at James Church, and, threatening the rear of the enemy, compelled him to fall back on Lynchburg.

At 4 o'clock an attack was made, and the rebels retreated to their breast-works. During the night the enemy was strongly reinforced. On Saturday, the 18th, the rebels attacked, but were repulsed and driven by the Federals into and beyond their breast-works. Finding the enemy's position too strong, Hunter withdrew during the night of the 18th, General Crook bringing up the rear. They were followed by the rebels under M'Causland. The line of retreat was along the railroad westward to Salem, and thence north on the road over Catawba Mountain to Newcastle. On the 23d at Sweet Springs, at White Sulphur on the 24th, and Meadow Bluffs on the 25th. Hunter's command, finally, on the 27th, met a train with wagons containing abundant rations, and rested from its sixteen days' fatigue.

GENERAL EARLY'S RAID.

General Early, who was sent against Hunter in the Shenandoah, not being able to compel an engagement, marched northward in the direction of Martinsburg, threatening a raid across the Potomac. General Sigel fell back forthwith from Sheppardstown to Maryland Heights. Rebel forces have been reported at Williamsport, Falling Waters, Hagerstown, and other places, but the only forces which at the latest advices were known to have crossed the Potomac are about 2500 cavalry under General Ransom and 5000 infantry under Early. Its object is, doubtless, to divert Grant's army from its purpose, or at least to prevent reinforcements being sent to that army. The President, however, in his proclamation of July 5, calling out 12,000 militia from New York and the same number from Pennsylvania, speaks of the rebel force as from 15,000 to 20,000 strong, and as having taken Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

For a month (*i.e.*, during the whole of June) Sherman has been operating against Johnston, with a view of turning his strong position on the Kenesaw, without abandoning his own line of communication, and has at length succeeded. He might have earlier compelled the evacuation of Marietta (two or three miles from Kenesaw) by an extensive flank movement, but this would have tempted the enemy to destroy the railroad. When our forces reached Ackworth, June 6, they still kept the line of the railroad to Atlanta (the Western and Atlantic Railroad), leaving Altoona some miles in the rear. On the 11th Sherman reached Big Shanty Station, having Kenesaw in front and on his right. Here there was a delay of four days. On the 15th Sherman's line ran as follows: Hooker on the left, then Howard and Palmer, while M'Pherson held the centre, and Schofield the right. There was skirmishing all day; in one of the early engagements Polk was killed on the top of Pine Mountain. At night our line ran parallel with and south of the Marietta Road, the rebels being intrenched along the line of the Kenesaw, Pilot Knob, and Lost Mountain.

On the 16th a heavy cannonade opened all along the line, and before noon both armies were engaged. The country was most unfavorable to a force acting offensively; not more than a single division could at any one time be brought to bear at any given point. About one o'clock Hooker had gained some advantage, driving the enemy from a good position at the base of Lost Mountain. Then Schofield was thrown around from the right to the left, giving Hooker, Howard, and Palmer the centre; a portion of M'Pherson's Corps was also transferred to the left. A severe fight followed. The centre was pushed forward, Geary in the advance; Logan's Division and Schofield's Corps became warmly engaged, and the rebels were driven from their first line of works, at the base of the Kenesaw; Hooker, in the mean time, carrying Lost Mountain, capturing two guns and 700 prisoners. The nature of the country prevented Sherman from following up the advantage with sufficient rapidity. Hence another delay of nearly a fortnight. On the 27th the line from left to right was: Blair, Dodge, Logan, Hooker, Palmer, Howard, and Schofield—Stoneman's cavalry covering the left and Ganard's the right flank. On the 27th an unsuccessful assault was made on the positions of the rebels at Kenesaw Mountain.

On July 3 Sherman sent the following dispatch: "The movement on our right caused the enemy to evacuate. We occupied Kenesaw at daylight, and Marietta at 8.30 A.M. Thomas is moving down the main road, toward the Chattahoochie, and M'Pherson toward the mouth of the Nickajack, on the Sandtown road. Our cavalry is on the extreme flanks. Whether the enemy will halt this side of the Chattahoochie or not will soon be known. Marietta is almost entirely abandoned by its inhabitants. More than a mile of the railroad iron has been removed between the town and the foot of the Kenesaw."

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

General Steele, hearing of a movement by the rebel General Shelby near the mouth of the White River, sent forward a brigade under General Carr, which confronted the enemy on the 27th, between Sheldon and St. Charles, and a fight ensued, resulting in the capture of 200 prisoners, and of the guns of the recently-captured *Queen City*, and four mountain-howitzers. Rebel reinforcements approaching, under Marmaduke, Carr fell back to Clarendon, 20 miles below Duvall's Bluff, where he received reinforcements.

General Canby's forces in Louisiana, it is confidently reported, have embarked on an important expedition—probably for a movement against Mobile, in co-operation with Admiral Farragut's fleet. It was thought also that the iron-clads on the Mississippi would join in the undertaking.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following are the names of Union officers now in Charleston under the range of the Federal guns: Brigadier-Generals Seymour, Wessels, Scammon, Shaler, Hickman; Colonels T. G. Grover, R. Hawkins, R. Harrismon, J. H. Lehman, O. H. Legrange, W. J. Lee, R. White, H. C. Bolinger, H. L. Brown, E. L. Dana, E. Fardell; Lieutenant-Colonels E. S. Hays, N. B. Hunter, F. N. Higginbotham, G. C. Joslin, W. E. M'Makin, D. Miller, W. C. Maxwell, J. D. Mayhen, S. Morfitt, E. Alcott, J. Potsley, G. F. Rogers, J. H. Burnham, C. B. Baldwin, W. G. Bartholimer, W. R. Cook, C. J. Dickerson, J. T. Fellins, G. A. Fairbanks, W. Glenn, T. B. Shafford, W. W. Stewart, F. W. Swift, A. W. Taylor, W. P. Lascelle; Majors C. H. Bures, W. F. Baker, E. W. Bates, J. E. Clarke, D. A. Carpenter, W. Crandall, H. D. Crank, J. Hall, J. N. Johnson.

In retaliation the rebel generals Gardner, Stuart, Johnson, Archer, and another general whose name is not given, together with forty colonels have been sent to General Foster, to be kept under fire of the rebel batteries until the Federal officers above named shall have been relieved.

The United States gun-boat *Lavender* was wrecked on Cape Lookout shoals, June 11.

On the 4th June the steamer *Lynx*, Captain Ried, arrived at Bermuda with 621 bales of cotton.

On the 7th, the steamer *Index*, Captain Marshall, arrived, with 903 bales of cotton and 208 boxes tobacco.

On the 8th, the steamer *Atalanta*, Captain Howe, arrived, with 536 bales of cotton, 155 half tierces and 527 boxes tobacco.

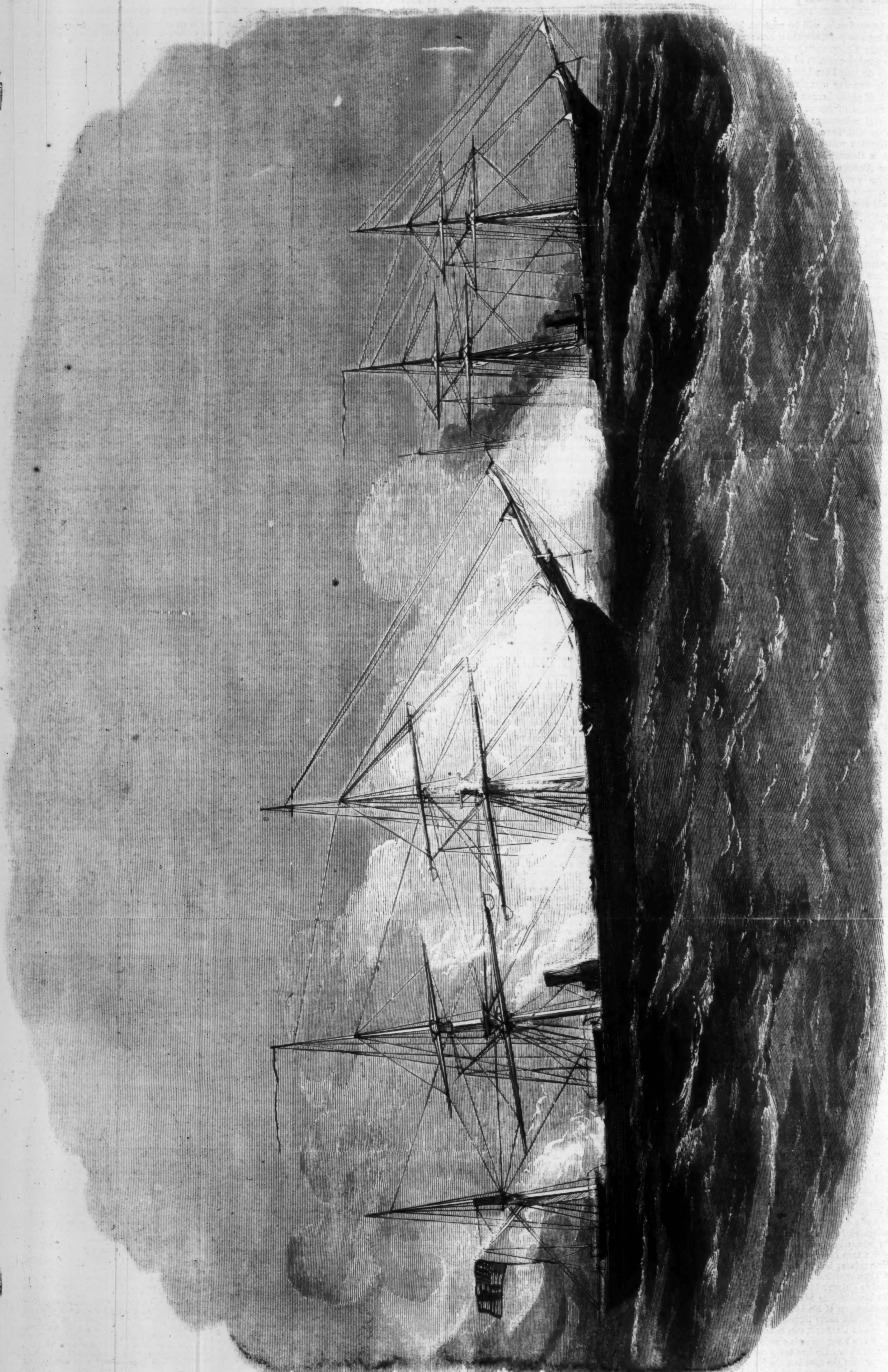
FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

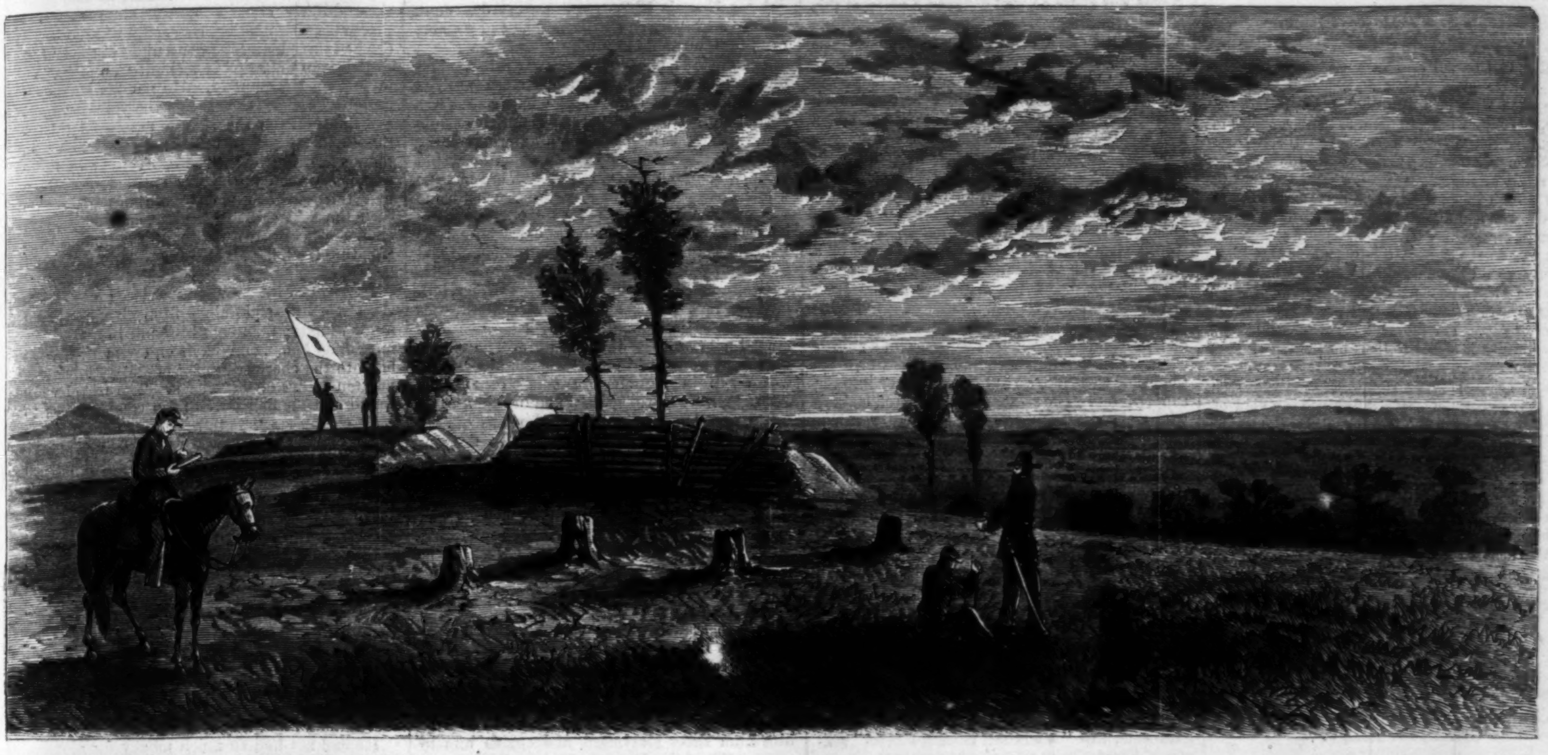
The Conference held a long session, June 18th, without any result looking toward peace. Indeed the Dano-German question assumes a more threatening aspect than at any previous period. Hostilities were to be resumed on the 27th. Earl Russell in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons each distinctly stated on the 26th, that the British fleet was prepared for any service which may be required of it. The Conference would meet for the last time on the 25th and then dissolve; if before that Austria had not concluded to accept England's proposition, made on the 18th, viz., to refer the whole question to the arbitration of neutrals, it is quite probable that England may offer material aid to the Danes.

MEXICO.

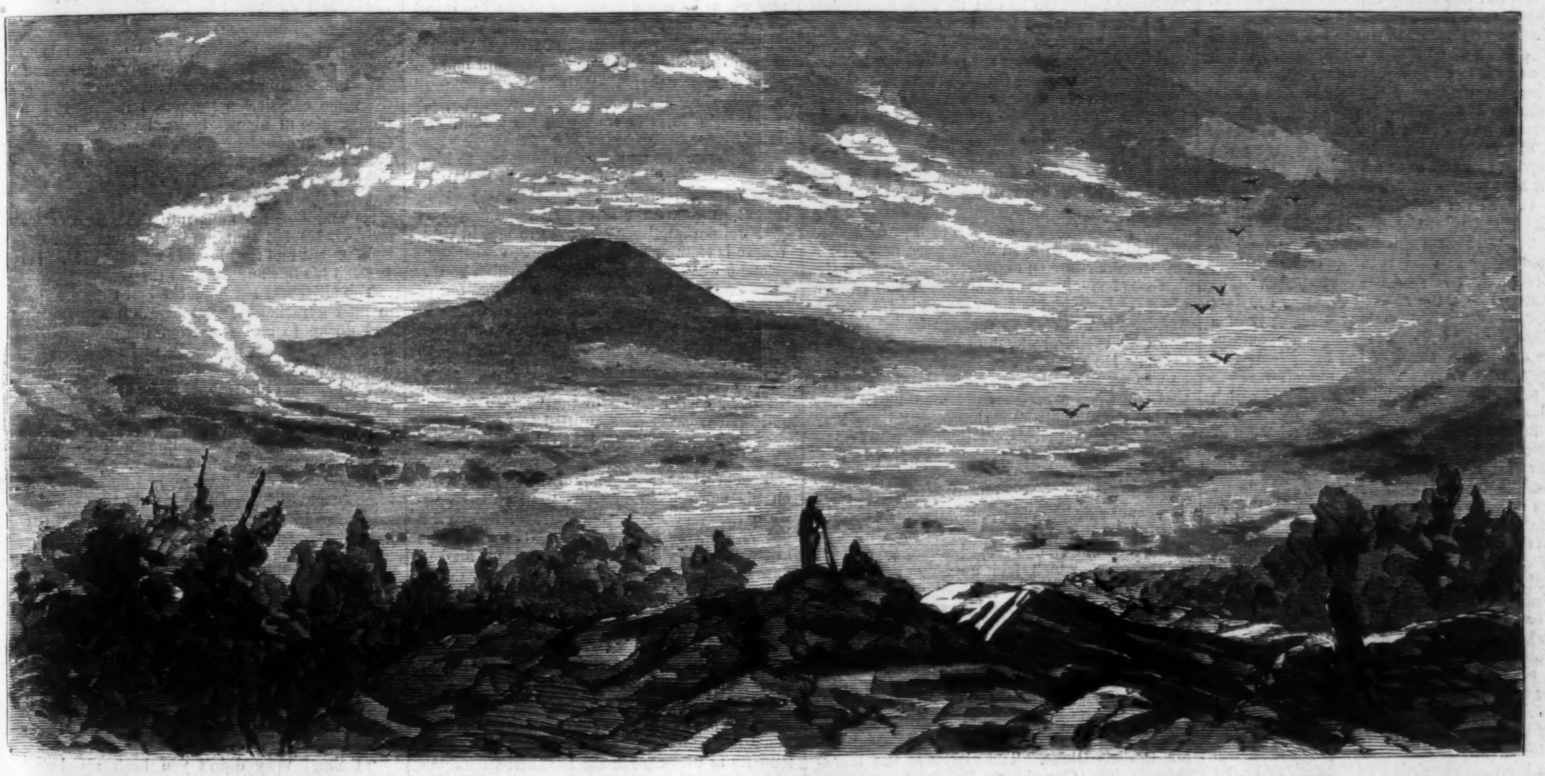
Maximilian and his party have arrived in the Capital. Santa Anna was preparing to assume his new position as the first Grand Marshal of the empire.



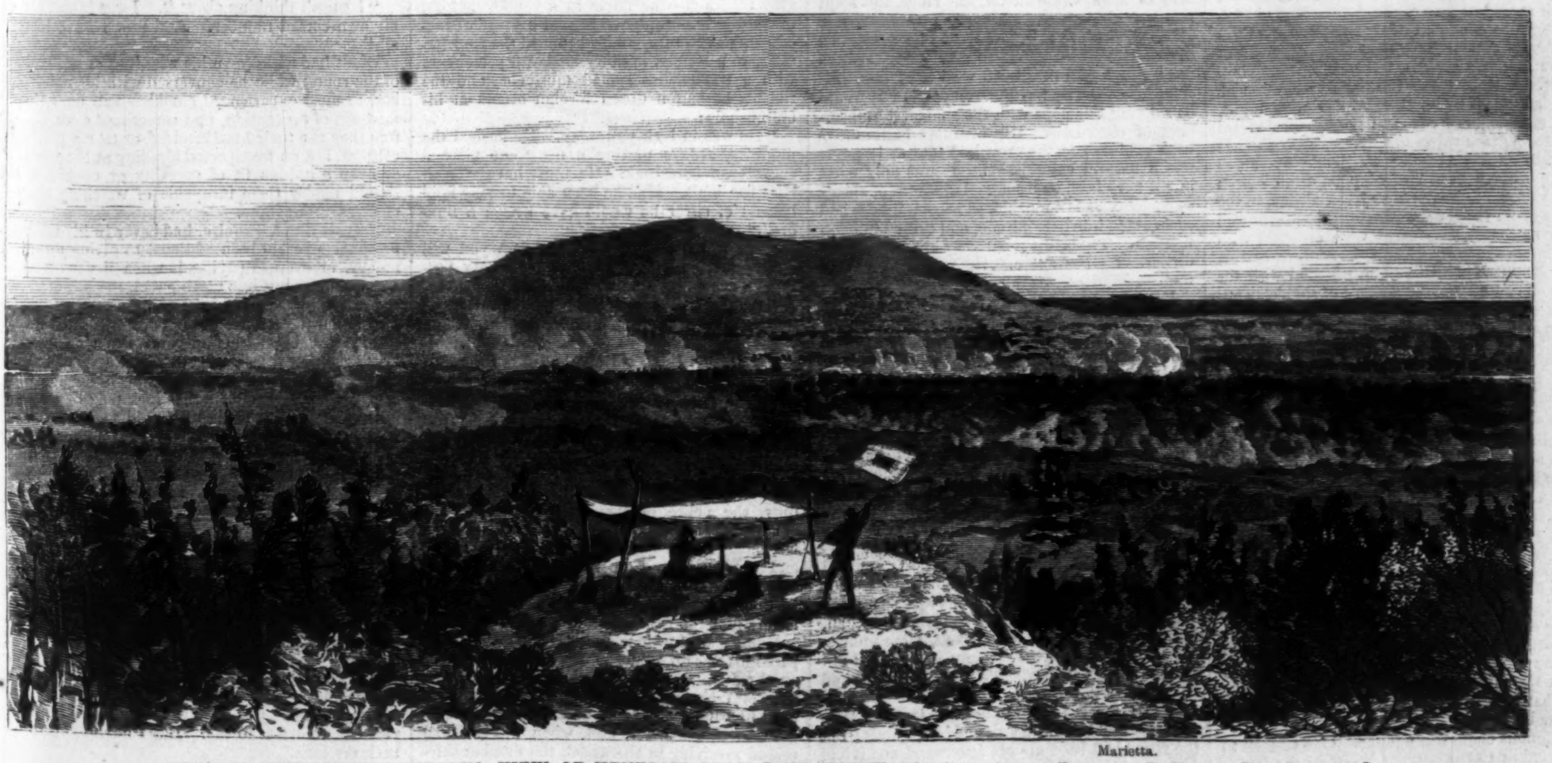
THE NAVAL CONTEST OFF CHERBOURG BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE," June 19, 1864.—[See Page 450.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE CREST OF PINE MOUNTAIN, WHERE GENERAL POLK FELL, June 14, 1864.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 454.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—LOST MOUNTAIN AT SUNRISE, June 15, 1864.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 454.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF KENESAW FROM PINE MOUNTAIN.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 454.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

We give on page 453 three interesting sketches relating to General Sherman's advance in Georgia. These give a view of localities which, in connection with this campaign, have become historic. We have here, in the first place, a sketch of Pine Mountain, lately occupied by General Howard's corps, after its evacuation by the enemy—the result of one of Sherman's flank movements. It is a high knob, from which a splendid view of the country and a good idea of the position of the different armies may be obtained.

It was on the crest of this mountain that Lieutenant-General Polk was killed, June 14, by a shell from the Fifth Indiana Battery—the battery of the gallant Captain Simonson, who was himself killed the next day. The different corps of Sherman's army have their signal stations on the top of Pine Mountain.

Another sketch gives a view of Kenesaw, as seen from Pine Mountain. In the distance is a view of Marietta. Between the two mountains the smoke ascends from three Federal encampments, belonging to the armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tennessee. The enemy holds a strong position on the Kenesaw, which was unsuccessfully attempted on the 27th of June, by M'Pherson, Thomas attacking on the flank.

A third sketch gives a view of Lost Mountain at Sunrise.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DE RICHELIEU.

It is a tall and stately house of many stories. Perhaps by this time they have pulled it down, and built up another palace more sumptuous on its site; but a quarter of a century since it was lofty, and commanding, and imposing.

It had been a café, a restaurant, and a concert-room. Wax-work was shown there once, I fancy. It had been a toy-shop, and a shawl-shop, and an advertising tailor's. Once a court jeweler had it, and once a fashionable milliner. But it always bore its peculiar stamp of stateliness, and, at the worst of times, held on to its dignity bravely. It was always **Frascati's**.

In the time when this history ran its course, this place was in the last throes of its splendid shameful existence as a gambling-house. The Maisons de Jeu, the scandal of France and in Europe, were moribund. The concession of a privilege for the holding of the public gaming-tables was in the hands of the municipality of the city, who derived a large annual revenue from the infamous concerns: a revenue which was, however, but a beggar's dole compared with the enormous profits of the Fermiers des Jeux, or lessees of the tables. To the credit of the Ædiles of Paris, all the dirty money they gathered off the green baize of Frascati's and similar haunts of madness and avarice, was applied to charitable purposes; but the Government had grown tired and ashamed of this nefarious method of contributing to the poor-rate, and had warned the municipality that the concession they granted soon after eighteen hundred and thirty must be the last. The banker (or gaming-table keeper), Benazet, had timely notice to remove his croupiers and macers, his rakes, and pricked cards, and was destined, with other birds of prey, to take flight to Baden and other congenial hells of Fatherland, and settle there to the perpetuation of plunder. But France was freed, at last, from these vultures.

The life thus remaining to Frascati's (for the Palais Royal tripots were shut up) was a short one, but its patrons and fomenters determined that it should be merry. To the accustomed frequenters of the establishment, suppers on an unheard-of scale of luxury were given every night in the cabinets adjoining the great gambling-rooms. Within a month of the dissolution of the gigantic swindle, the cornices were regilt, fresh chandeliers hung, and the windows veiled with fresh green velvet draperies. The affluence of strangers was tremendous. There never was known such a crowd of players, from eleven o'clock in the forenoon till eleven o'clock in the evening; for these dens were open by day as well as by night. The saloons were crowded with dandies, lawyers, politicians, journalists, artists, and foreigners of distinction, mingled with the common and unmistakable herd of shabby, wan-faced, fishy-eyed professional gamesters. People had to stake over each other's shoulders. Thousand-franc notes fluttered through the air as hoarse voices directed their destination toward red or black, odd or even, under or over, number or color, square or transverse column, or zero. The croupiers looked contemptuously upon the starveling wretches who played silver. It was as much as ever room could be made for the desperate throwsters who played rouleaux of golden louis. From chime to chime, right round the clock, were the chinking of the money, the sharp pattering of the cards as they fell from the banker's hands, the whirring of the roulette-wheel, the click of the ball, the rasping of the croupes as the forfeited stakes were gathered in, and the dull, hoarse voices of the masters of the game crying out that red had won, or that thirty-five had turned up, black, even, and over—anon enjoining the gentlemen present to make their game, then telling them the game was made, and that no further stake could be received. A hundred times within an hour the lugubrious, monotonous chant was audible. One seemed to be listening to the outdoor litany of the Trappist: "Frère, il faut mourir."

Otherwise, there prevailed a deathly silence. Never was there so well-behaved a place as this superterranean pandemonium. It was accounted a flagrant breach of etiquette to make a noise under any circumstances—to rejoice loudly if you won, to lament audibly if you lost, to quarrel about a questionable throw, or even to converse in aught exceeding a discreet under-tone. When you entered, a grave door-keeper took from you your hat and stick, partly, it may be assumed, to insure the preservation of good manners in so very aristocratic a saloon, partly to obviate the possibility of any votary of the blind goddess (who sees much better athwart her bandage than we give her credit for), rendered desperate by a continuous run of ill-luck, flinging his hat violently at the dealer (as a speaker of the Irish House of Commons is said to have once flung his wig at the head of an orator who wouldn't leave off), or running a croupier through with a sword-cane. If acquaintances wished to chat, or to argue, they went into an ante-chamber, or into the supper-room. The solemn and powdered lackeys who stole about with cards and pins for calculating punters (who, knowing every probability of the game save one, and, failing the knowledge of that, were beggared), appeared to glide in list slippers. The whole place wore a calm and peaceful aspect, most beautiful to the philosopher. There was no wailing, no gnashing of teeth, no tearing of hair, no stamping of feet. When human wickedness is concentrated on one particular object, and all its faculties are remorselessly perverted and bent, with diabolical strength of volition, toward the attainment of one particular end, human wickedness is apt to be very quiet indeed. Guy Fawkes did not whistle at his work, you may be sure. The administration of strychnine is not a comic song.

It occurred one morning during this ultimate gala time, this "Vauxhall closing forever" season of Frascati's, to two gentlemen, both known by name and character to the readers of this chronicle (although of one its sight and cognizance have been lost for a considerable period), to look in at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and try their luck upon the red and the black.

One was a very old friend, and he had grown to be a very old man. It is nearly fourteen years since we last met him. His hair was still black, but it was the hair of a wig, and not of a living head. His whiskers were ragged and sparse, and these, together with a bristly mustache he had recently grown, were ill-dyed, and the white showed athwart the purple, like cotton in a fraudulent fabric of silk. His teeth, which were wont to gleam so beautifully, were now only a few irregular broken and discolored fangs. His face was haggard, yet unduly puffed and swollen about the jaws, and in many places blotched with purple. It was easy to detect, without turning down his eyelid or inhaling his breath, that he drank. He snuffed, too, in every place where he was not allowed to smoke. He had come to that age when a naughty old man wants every kind of stimulant, and rushes down-hill by half a dozen parallel roads. His attire was shabby and his linen cloudy; his trowsers were patched, and the lustre on his hat was due, half to grease and half to the recent application of a wet brush. You could see the hole in his left boot, where he had inked his stocking to conceal the whiteness of the orifice. In one hand he dangled a dingy yellow glove, which had no fellow; from his dexter wrist dangled by a string a loaded walking-stick, which was more like a bludgeon. But it would be unpardonable to omit the fact that he wore spurs, dimly lacquered, and that his frayed and eraseous stock was fastened with a sham carbuncle pin, price one franc twenty-five centimes in the Galerie Vivienne, and unavailable at the Mont de Piété.

This was all that was left of the fashionable Mr. Francis Blunt. The glories of the Horticultural fête, Gamridge's Hotel, the cabriolet and the tiger, the body-servant and the chambers in town, the watches, the rings, the scent and cambric, and the cut velvet waistcoats, had all come down to this. It would be wearisome to dwell on all the details of a career toward the dogs, which had continued with brief intermissions of prosperity for fourteen years. It would be sullying this page with the shabbiest and sorriest of chronicles. His instincts had always been canine, and the dogs had him at last. It was a natural culmination. It was only what might have been expected. Hundreds of spirits as dashing, as fashionable, as accomplished, had so subsided into decrepitude, and drifted into extinction. The brilliant butterfly had become the dirtiest of grubs again. He was but one of a motley, brilliant, worthless million.

But if you want the rapidest coup d'œil—the most comprehensive birds-eye view—here it is. A thousand table d'hôte dinners (many of them on credit), and a thousand days passed outside cook-shops, with nothing to eat. Thousands of bottles of wine, some paid for, some to which he had been treated, many which he had cozened innkeepers out of. Much brandy, many cigars; hecatombs of card-packs, legions of billiard-matches, a sack full of loaded dice, a shower of stamped paper, bearing his name, now as drawer, now as acceptor, now as endorser. An occasional appearance in the English Insolvent Debtors' Court; one or two proclamations of outlawry; a ream of begging letters; a host of unpaid tailors; several bevies of bayadères, and worse; half a dozen convictions for escroquerie entailing lengthened residences in French, in Belgian, and in German jails; a few duels, more numerous canings and horsewhippings. Behold it all. He had ridden in carriages-and-four, and he had been kicked down stairs; he had danced at balls and run away from landlords; he had been drunken and gay, and sick and in hospitals; but the route had been always downward, and it had come to this at last. And, as the Sibyl enhanced day by day the price of her portentous volumes, while they were diminished in number, even so did Mr. Francis Blunt require every day more brandy, and derive a smaller amount of comfort from that down-hill cordial.

His circle of existence was narrowing. Mephistopheles's poodle was tracing more involved concentrics round him. The moral halter was tightening. He dared not show himself in London, in Brussels, at the German watering-places. Out of a dozen former friends whom he would meet by chance, not ten, not eleven, but just the whole dozen, would cut him. When his name was mentioned, it was not as "poor devil"—he was beyond contemptuous charity—but as "horrible old scamp." The miserable man had no one to talk to now but a few tavern waiters, gaming-house employés, dunning landladies, billiard-markers, police agents, and commissaries of police. His acquaintance with the two last-named classes was involuntary. The police were well aware of him. "Le nommé Blunt" was down in the blackest books of Rue de Jérusalem. He was too old and drunken to be made useful as a spy. The alguazils quietly waited until they could catch him in flagrant délit, and cart him off to the galleys as a robber. He had ceased to have a regular lodging, and slept by the night in the worst "garnis" of the worst quarters, at fifteen sous. When he had no money he prowled about the Champs Elysées. When he won he would have a drinking-bout at the wine-shops in the Halles, which are kept open all night, and would be an insolent Amphitryon to market-gardeners and sergents de ville, who scoffed at him while they drank at his cost. But these festive evenings were rare. He had reached, to all appearance, that stage in the gambler career when a man *never wins heavily*, and when Fortune permits him only to pick up sufficient from the green cloth to save him from sheer starvation, and enable him to support life while she tortures him. There were very few even tenth-rate cafés and estaminets now where he was welcome, or allowed to brawl and drivel over his brandy or his absinthe. There is a phase in rascaldom when the rascal is even ostracised by his mates. Blunt had become a solitary rogue. "Mauvais garnement," cried the French raffs; "A thorough rip," sneered the English raffs who knew him. So he was left alone.

"And yet," he would moan piteously to himself sometimes, "I have a brother in India who must be worth millions. Where is he? How came he to leave the service? Is he dead? I have written hundreds of letters to him in vain. Where is George Blunt?"

There was one place, indeed, of which he was free—one hostelry open for twelve hours out of the twenty-four—one caravanserai where he could enter. So long as he had a hat and coat they would admit him to the gaming-tables. The line was drawn at caps and blouses. So long as hats were hats and coats coats they were reckoned as belonging to the "mise décente," and their wearers were entitled to be called, in gaming-house parlance, "Messieurs de la Galerie."

This precious Gentleman of the Gallery, then, on the morning in question, went up the well-worn stairs of Frascati's, and surrendered his hat and stick to the janitor at the door, who knew Blunt well, and was, indeed, an ancient punter, on whom, when utterly broken down, the administration had taken compassion, and provided with a snug refuge for his declining days. He had seen men and cities, and knew all the folly of betting against the black, and all the madness of backing the red. And accordingly, once a month, when his scanty wages were paid him, and he had a holiday, he very carefully backed the red and lost every sou at the gaming-table, and next day went back contentedly to take care of the hats and sticks.

A clean old gentleman in a shirt-frill, blue spectacles, nankeen pantaloons, and speckled gray stockings—the uncle in a vaudeville kind of gentleman—whispered behind his signet-ringed hand, as Blunt shambled toward the roulette-table, to a stately, military made-up personage, with a tremendous spiked mustache, and the ribbons of half a dozen foreign orders at his button-hole:

"He was in luck yesterday. He backed the numbers, always putting a five-franc piece à cheval—on horseback. He must have won at least five louis. Had he been able to play gold instead of silver he would have netted a hundred."

"He will back the same number, you will see, to-day, and lose," quoth the military personage, sententiously. "I am sick of seeing that old scoundrel. I long to behold him sitting between two gens d'armes on the benches of the court of assize."

Neither the clean old gentleman nor the military personage ever risked so much as a five-franc piece at the tables. It was strictly against their orders to play. Their business was to watch those who gambled; and there were others there whose business it was to watch them. Both were spies of the police. But when the toils of the day were over, and they were off duty, the police gentry, and some select acquaintances among the croupiers, and the liveried lackeys (whose services were perfunctory, and who were no more real footmen than the "greencoats" of the play-house) would adjourn to a quiet wine-shop and gamble away their leisure hours in comfort and joy.

Blunt played from noon till four o'clock. Superstitious, as all gamblers are, he had dreamed, on three successive nights, that thirty-three was to be his lucky number at roulette. Understand, that, had he put a piece of money or a bank-note on this number, and, when the ball had ceased revolving in the wheel, the number thirty-three, where it had halted, been proclaimed, he would have received thirty-five times his stake. But there were, of course, no less than six-and-thirty chances against him; and, his dream notwithstanding, his capital was too small (he had three louis left after a night at the Halle) to risk even the smallest amount "en plein," or in full, on the number. He put his stakes on horseback: that is to say, on the yellow boundary line between the square numbered thirty-three and the square numbered thirty-four; so that, according to the rules, if either of those numbers turned up he was entitled to receive half thirty-five, or seventeen times his stake. Sometimes he shifted his piece, and put it, still on horseback, between thirty-three and thirty-two, thus doubling his chances of winning. Oh! he was cunning.

He began with a five-franc piece; won a little, lost a little; abstained from playing during a few rounds; then kept his hand in by staking on red, on black, on odd, or on even; then went back to the charmed square of thirty-three, and put ten francs on horseback. The wheel went round and the ball jarred from compartment to compartment. "**Trente-trois**, noir, pair et passe," cried the banker.

With a rake the croupiers propelled toward the gamester seventeen times his stake a hundred and seventy francs.

He drew the money together, separated two louis from it, crammed the rest into his breast-pocket, and placed it in the same position. Then the game was made, and the brass pillar was twirled, and the ball went whizzing round.

"**Trente-quatre**, rouge impair et manque," cried the banker.

It being thirty-four, and the stake being entitled to share in half the gains in either number, they pushed seventeen times forty francs toward Blunt. He was now the possessor of four hundred and fifty francs.

He had not had so much money for months. He calculated that he could spend a hundred francs in a riotous night, keep fifty francs for eating and drinking, for emergencies, and still have a floating capital of three hundred francs, which, properly divided, would enable him to play for a whole week. To many gamesters of Mr. Blunt's calibre, who were watching his game, the same calculation presented itself. But to the surprise of his neighbors, he never touched the four hundred and fifty francs. It was in gold, and he let the pile remain between thirty-three and thirty-four. He shut his eyes and screwed the lids close together. He folded his arms and dug his nails into the palms of his hands. He felt that the back of his head was burning hot and that his feet were icy cold. He gnawed his lips and awaited the issue.

The pillar was twirled; the ball rushed round in mad gyration. Blunt heard it hopping up and down, to and fro, from the outer to the inner rim. Then its march was feebler; then it stopped. Then there was silence; and a voice like the sound of a trumpet came and smote him on the ear.

"**Trente-trois**," it said, "noir, pair et passe."

It was thirty-three. He had won seven thousand six hundred and fifty francs.

"By Jove!" cried a voice, in English, behind him; "and I've been backing that confounded thirty-two in full instead of on horseback, and have lost every sou."

Blunt turned round and saw a young gentleman, very handsome, very bold-looking, and very fashionably dressed.

"We are countrymen, it seems," the gamester remarked, trying to muster up what he could of the ancient affable amenity of Francis Blunt, Esquire.

The young gentleman gave a haughty stare, and no direct answer.

"You're in luck, old gentleman," he condescended to observe.

"I am. Why didn't you back my luck? Are you so rare a punter as not to be up to that chance?"

"I wasn't thinking about it. I was intent on my own cursed number. And now I have lost all."

Blunt had withdrawn his winnings at the end of the round while he conversed with his neighbor, as most experienced gamblers will do, as a measure of precaution, and sometimes even before they use their handkerchief, or take a pinch of snuff, lest an unexpected bleeding at the nose, or even a sudden fit of sneezing or coughing, should render them incapable of watching the chances of the game.

Francis Blunt, Esquire, had never in his most prosperous period been addicted to giving away money, or even to paying it when it was due. "Frank does not like parting with the shiners," was the verdict passed in sporting circles on his disposition to be tenacious of current cash. He would sow his acceptances at three months broadcast, but it was difficult to get a sovereign out of him. It is, however, one of the many superstitions of gamblers that luck may be conciliated by giving a piece of gold to a player who has just lost his last stake. The recipient of this bounty should be young and preferably a woman, but ladies were excluded from Frascati's. Discipline must be preserved, even among the devils.

"And so you have lost all," Blunt said. He had not played for four rounds.

"Not a liard."

The old punter had seven thousand six hundred and fifty francs. He could afford to be liberal. He took five louis from his breast-pocket and placed them in the young man's hand.

"Accept this loan," he said, omitting, not through delicacy, but through avarice, to call it a gift. "When you have won a hundred louis you can return it to me. But I advise you to back my luck."

The young man stared, hesitated, reddened slightly, passed his white fingers through his hair in a confused manner, then held out his hand and *took the money*.

"I can give it you back presently, you know, old gentleman," he stammered.

Yes; Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt took the money. He reddened, stammered, hesitated; but he took the money. Have you never been told that inveterate gambling has an inevitable tendency to harden the human heart, and to destroy in the gamester every sense of shame? Out of a gaming-house Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt would have disdained to touch this shameful old creature's money. He looked like a beggar-man. But inside Frascati's Mr. Greyfaunt was very glad indeed to accept it. He was young yet, you see, but after another year's apprenticeship even the blush, the stammer, and the hesitation, would have disappeared.

Blunt went on playing. He soon forgot all about the person to whom he had been so unwonted a benefactor. Nor did Mr. Greyfaunt preserve a long or a lively remembrance of his benefactor. "I'm not going to back the old rascal's luck," he said, candidly, to himself. "He'll lose his head presently and be cleaned out." So, as soon as he conveniently could, the grateful Mr. Greyfaunt slipped away with his five louis and wandered away to the trente-et-quarante-table.

At three o'clock that afternoon the broken bankrupt, Francis Blunt, had won fifty thousand francs.

"I'll be a gentleman again," he chuckled to himself. "I wonder where that rascal Constant is. He'd be glad to shave and dress me again if I paid him the money I owed him. I'll find out my daughter and make a lady of her. I've got fifty thousand francs. That's two thousand pounds. By G— I'll break the bank before I've done with them!"

He had been playing without any intermission, save his brief converse with Greyfaunt, since eleven o'clock. After four hours' gaming he felt faint. Stuffing his winnings, which, as his stakes had grown larger, had been gradually converted into notes, into his pocket, he went out to the restaurant attached to the establishment. He swallowed some soup and ate a cutlet, ordered a bottle of Champagne and drank the whole of it; then ordered a decanter of brandy, and drank the better part of that too. The meat and drink warmed the cockles of his old heart, and made him feel braver in his rapacious intent. "I shall win a hundred thousand before eleven o'clock," he muttered. "A hundred? Bah! Two hundred thousand. My hand's in. My luck's hot. I wish it was the bones, though, instead of that child's play of roulette."

Toadies suddenly started up around him. Dilapidated raffs, almost as greasy and as ragged as himself, but who that very morning had avoided his company as though it had been contagious, came and claimed acquaintance with him. They clapped him on the back, and congratulated him. He grinned, and bade them the rather congratulate the luck, since to that alone he was indebted for their society. But he was in a bounteous mood, and treated them plenteously. They would have borrowed money of him, but he had done enough in the way of pecuniary generosity. "As much brandy as you like," he said, "but not a centime."

He rose at about five, remarking that he would have another turn at the tables. He was, that afternoon, the lion of Frascati's, and a crowd followed him with eager eyes. He felt his head swimming and his legs trembling under him. He called for some soda-water, but there was none; there was only some insipid eau de Seltz, of which he took a draught, with some brandy. Then, evading his admirers for a moment, he slipped aside into a side-room, where the innocent games of chess and draughts—for Frascati's liked to keep up appearances—were supposed to be played, and which was consequently always empty. He drew a card-table to the door, knowing that at least he should have fair warning if attempts were made to open it, and, sitting down, proceeded to pull off one of his boots. It was the fellow to the boot which had the hole in it disclosing the inked stocking. He flattened a thousand franc note down into the toe, and put on the boot again, and rose up with a leer.

"If the worst come to the worst," he thought, "we have this to fall back upon."

By seven o'clock he had won in all a hundred and fifty thousand francs, but he had made at least half a dozen dives into the restaurant and drunk more brandy. More than once the croupier had to remind him that he had left a bank-note, unclaimed, on the table. He let money drop and refused to pick it up. He flung about his money recklessly; now on one stake, now on the other. But he kept on winning, winning, winning. He was drunk.

The largest stake allowed at Frascati's was twenty-five thousand francs—a thousand pounds. He put down this sum in twenty-five notes of a thousand on the red. Black turned up, and his twenty-five thousand francs were swept away.

He gave a tipsy yell, and said that he didn't care, and put down twenty-five thousand more on the same color. Again black turned up, and he had lost fifty thousand francs.

"He has lost his head," whispered the clean-looking old gentleman.

"It is the beginning of the end," the military personage said.

Half an hour afterward, of all his winnings, Blunt had just one thousand francs left. The crowd were as absorbed in interest to see him lose as they had been during the afternoon to see him win. The press around him was enormous. Some mounted on the benches at the back of the saloon to have a better view. He was still the lion of Frascati's, but a lion in the toils, a lion encompassed by the hunters, a lion at bay.

To his drunken memory it suddenly occurred that all his winnings had been made by betting on the numbers. But a long period had elapsed since he had abandoned his faithful thirty-three. He cast his last thousand-franc note to a croupier, and told him to put it on "thirty-three."

"En plein ou à cheval—in full or on horseback?" asked the croupier.

"In full; may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," stuttered Blunt, now very far gone.

The gallery were amazed at the desperation of the stake, for he admitted it to be his last. One friendly voice was raised to warn him against his peril.

"Put on five hundred! Cry out five hundred à la masse!" urged the voice, which belonged to a poor broken-down captain of the Grande Armée.

"Won't," mumbled Blunt. "Let it come up as it likes."

"At least put a louis, in case of accident, on zero. Zero hasn't been up for ninety rounds."

"Haven't got a louis left."

"Well, here is one," said the poor broken-down captain. "You're so drunk and so desperate that something tells me that thirty-three or zero will turn up."

Blunt took the proffered louis, and tried, as steadily as he could, to roll it on end toward the compartment marked zero, which is close to the outer circumference of the wheel, in the middle of the table. But his aim, accurate enough when sober, failed him now. The coin stopped at the compartment marked "four," oscillated, and fell flat.

"For zero?" a croupier said, inquiringly. He was close to the louis, and would have gently propelled it with his rake toward the designated spot; but Blunt, with a screech, forbade him.

"Let it be there," he said. "The devil will take care of his own."

"A thousand francs on thirty-three, and a single louis on zero," whispered the clean old gentleman; "the fellow must be mad. Any way he must lose."

The pillar revolved, the ball whizzed round and stopped. Then the banker called out:

"Zero."

The rakes gathered in Blunt's thousand franc note and the poor broken-down captain's louis. He did not care to ask his debtor when he would repay him. Justice Shallow had, perhaps, about as good a chance of being repaid the thousand pounds which Sir John Falstaff owed him. The poor broken-down captain was a philosopher. All he said was this:

"The imbecile! Why did he not insure on zero as I told him? At least thirty-five louis would have been saved out of the wreck, and some capital would have been left for future operations."

Blunt was too old a hand to fall beneath the table in a fit, to tear his hair, or to beat his breast. He staggered away to the buffet, and asked the waiter to let him have a glass of brandy on credit. The superintendent nodded assent, and they gave him the liquor. He had lost so very largely as to be entitled to that trifling pourboire. Frascati had some bowels of compassion.

"Besides," he said, as he drained the glass, "it's only for a little time. I shall pay presently. There's a fellow in the room owes me five louis. Has any body seen him? A handsome fellow with curly hair."

He had reached that stage of intoxication not uncommon with habitual topers, when an additional glass of liquor rather sobers than stupefies. Blunt felt, for a moment, himself again. The lackeys kept a keen eye upon him to turn him out (now that he was ruined) if he attempted to create a disturbance; but he went very composedly to and fro and up and down, from the roulette to the trente-et-quarante, seeking for the fellow who owed him five louis.

He found the fellow at last. Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt's face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling. A pile of notes and gold was before him. He was winning largely.

"Hallo! old gentleman," he cried, as Blunt came up with pendent lip and bloodshot eyes. "Cleaned out, I suppose?"

"Ay!"

"Ah! you backed your luck a little too often. You'd better have been contented with a little. What a lot you were winning, to be sure! Stop! don't I owe you five louis? Here they are. And oblige me by going to another table, and playing by yourself, for, if you back *my* luck, it's sure to turn, and I shall lose."

Blunt thrust the money in his pocket, and turned on his heel in dudgeon. The young man's voice and manner seemed to him inexpressibly insolent. He skulked to the roulette-table, and changed his five pieces of gold into twenty pieces of five francs each. He wished to protract his agony as long as possible.

He played cautiously, timidly, nervously—eschewing the numbers altogether, waiting sometimes for a dozen rounds before there appeared what he deemed a favorable chance, shifting his paltry stakes, now to red, now to black, now to odd, now to even, now to over, now to under. At one time he had scraped together some sixty or seventy francs; but luck again departed from him, and, as the clock struck ten, he had lost the last of his five louis.

He found out Edgar Greyfaunt again, who, still winning, was absorbed in the game. Blunt jogged his elbow.

"I am cleaned out again," he pleaded, humbly. "When you were too, I lent you five louis, and those I have had back, and spent. Lend me ten louis now, for Heaven's sake. There is only another hour left to play. Let me have one more chance."

"Go to the deuce!" cried Edgar Greyfaunt, pettishly, as he gathered in a handful of louis he had won.

"Only five louis, then," urged the miserable old man. "Make it five louis, for mercy's sake, and you shall have them back in five minutes. I didn't wait to be asked when I lent you the money."

"The more fool you," Mr. Greyfaunt coolly responded. "Don't bother me! You're making me play all at sixes and sevens. Stop! here's a five-franc piece. It will get you a bed, and some breakfast in the morning."

The ancient spirit of Francis Blunt, Esquire—the remembrance that he had once been a gentleman—rose for a single moment, and chased away the miasma of misery, the fumes of brandy and tobacco, which hung about him as a mantle. By a mechanical movement he clutched at the proffered dole, but, lifting his shaking hand, he flung it at the head of Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, accompanying the act by a storm of fierce invective addressed to that young gentleman.

The beggared gamester was speedily seized round the body by two of the powdered footmen. It was intolerable that the decorous conduct of so important a game as trente-et-quarante should be interrupted by the frenzied violence of this tattered and disreputable person. The entrance of the saloons must be henceforward interdicted to him. Monsieur the Commissary of Police said as much. The commissary came forward, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and showed his tri-colored scarf beneath. To the powdered footmen he threw the significant words, "A la porte!" So it was to the door with him. Turn him out! Send him packing! There was some little scuffling and scraping along the floor, and there was some little snarling and sputtering, as he was half-dragged, half-pushed through the sumptuous saloons he was to behold never more. A few of the players turned, looked, shrugged their shoulders, grinned, took snuff, and went on backing the red or the black. They got Blunt out without much difficulty, though he kicked a good deal, and tried to bite one of the lackeys. They bundled him down stairs, and flung his hat after him: detaining his stick as a lethal weapon capable of working mischief.

"And thank your stars, my brave," remarked the footman who gave him his final shove into the Rue de Richelieu, "that we do not send for the sergents de ville, and have you taken to the nearest post. I think you would be grateful even for a bed at the guard-house."

"Curse you!" cried the wretched old man, gathering up all his sobriety and all his strength. "Curse you and your thieving crew! Take that!" And he hit out—he had been a bruiser in his youth—and caught the menial cleverly under the jaw.

The Frenchman, to whom kicking and caning were tangible entities, but who did not understand fisticuffs, set up a dismal yell; but before he had recovered himself sufficiently to cry "A la garde! à la garde!" Blunt had staggered away, and was beyond pursuit.

The miserable old fellow was haunted by a vague impression that he had some money about him somewhere; but in what place he tried, desperately, vainly, to remember. He turned out his pockets, and pulling off his hat, searched the lining. But his efforts were fruitless. He began to cry, and was a sorry sight to see.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sur—my waif is ded, and Wonts to be berried to-morro. At wunnor klok. U nose wair too dig the Hole—bi the said of my too Uther waifs—Let it be deep."

A physician having finished the amputation of a leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside, and said anxiously to him, "Doctor, do you think your patient will recover?" "Recover! there has never been the least shadow of a hope for him." "Then what was the use of making him suffer?" "Why, my dear fellow, could you say brutally to a sick man that he is dying? *He must be amused a little.*"

An enamored swain was serenading a pretty Quakeress, and sang the song of "Home, sweet home," when the father appeared at the window. "Friend," said he, "thee hath been singing of thy home—thy sweet home; now, if thee have a home, and a sweet home, why don't thee go to it?"

Probably there are no two words which more distinctly point out cause and consequence than these—gin and bitters.

Two countrymen visiting the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and coming to the elephant, one of them exclaimed, "What is that?" "Why, that's the elephant, to be sure," said a person standing by. "Oh that's the elephant," said the countryman; then, turning to his companion, he added, in an under-tone, "but how stupid these people are, they feed him by the tail!"

A country schoolmaster was met by a certain nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, "And I am master of this parish." "Master of this parish!" observed the peer; "how can that be!" "I am master of the children of the parish," said the man; "the children are masters of their mothers, the mothers are rulers of the fathers, and consequently I am master of the whole parish."

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

A horseman crossing a moor asked a countryman if it was safe riding. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the *bottom*, I'll warrant you;" but in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the girths. "You story-telling rascal, you said it was hard at the bottom!" "Ay," replied the other, "but you are not half-way to the bottom yet."

An officer, in battle, happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off that of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

"I feel rather dull to-day," as the razor said after it had been used to open oysters.

What nation is most likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise?—Determination.

A governess, advertising for a situation, says she "is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

"Have you ground the tools all right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a lad whom he had taken as an apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, Sir," replied the lad, proudly; "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river. "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

The father of Francesco Sforza, when at work in the field, was accosted by some soldiers, and asked if he would enlist. "Let me throw my mattock on that oak," he replied, "and if it remains there I will." It remained there; and the peasant, regarding it as a sign, enlisted. He became soldier, general, prince; and his grandson in the palace at Milan said to Paulus Jovius, "Behold these guards and this grandeur! I owe every thing to the branch of an oak—the branch that held my grandfather's mattock."

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Ees, Sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I wur in the room he axed me where my hat wur, and I'm blessed if it wur not on my head all the while."

Why is a sheep like a new dress?—Because it does not suffer any harm when you fold it.

What similarity is there between a nose and a violin?—They each have a bridge.

A Vermont paper says that a man in that State, who was lately drinking through a hole in the ice, caught a big trout with his nose. He probably had a hook-nose.

Very often men cut their love-teeth, as they do their wisdom-teeth, very late in life.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

A gentleman talking with his gardener, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. "Why, yes, Sir," said the man; "please to consider that they have nothing else to do."

Franklin, when embassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased a little child, who understood the French, said to him, "But, grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily and explained the matter.

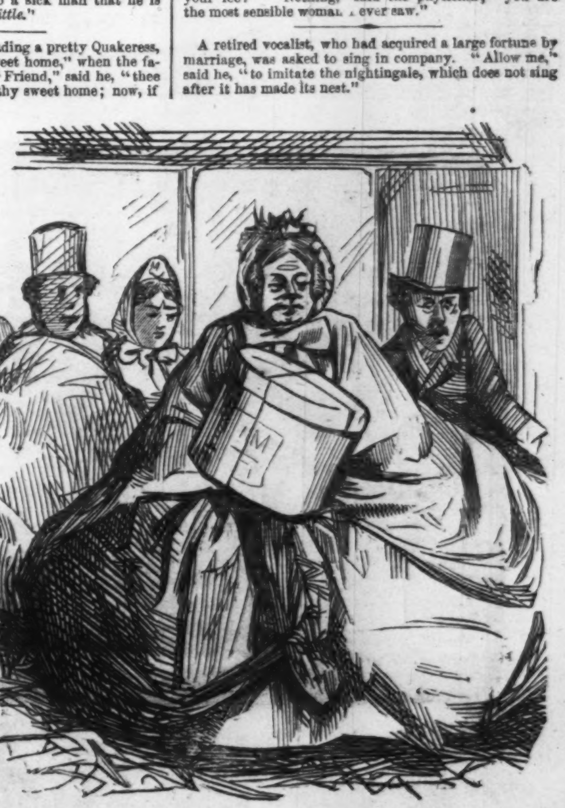
Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr. ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco' short."

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

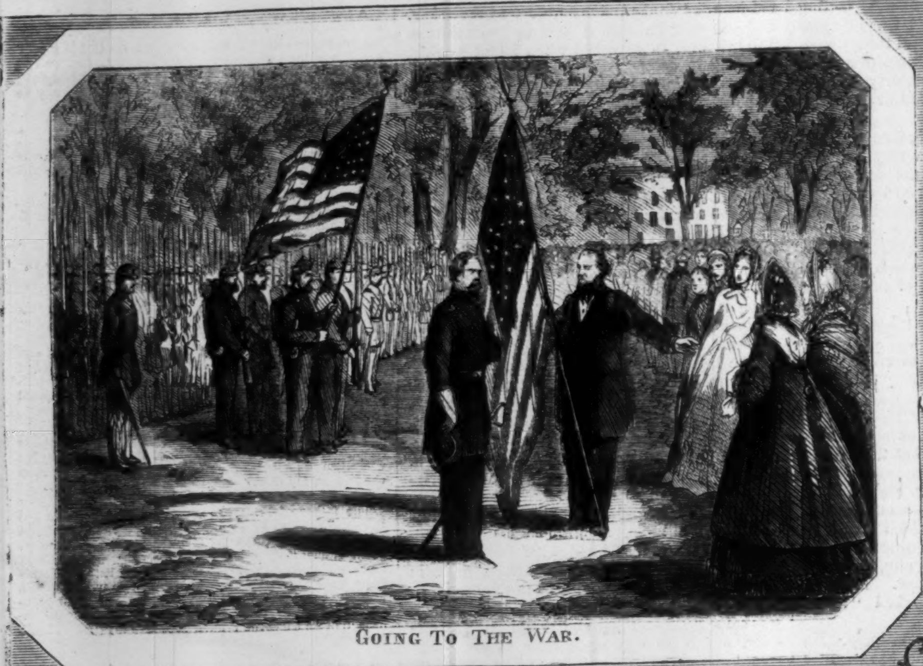
A Quaker being asked his opinion of phrenology, replied, indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat."

Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said, "A burn." "A poultice," quietly answered the learned Doctor. The next day she returned and said, "Better." "Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words, "Well; your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

A retired vocalist, who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. "Allow me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest."



Colossal Old Lady (*politely*).—"You needn't move, Sir; I shall soon shake down."



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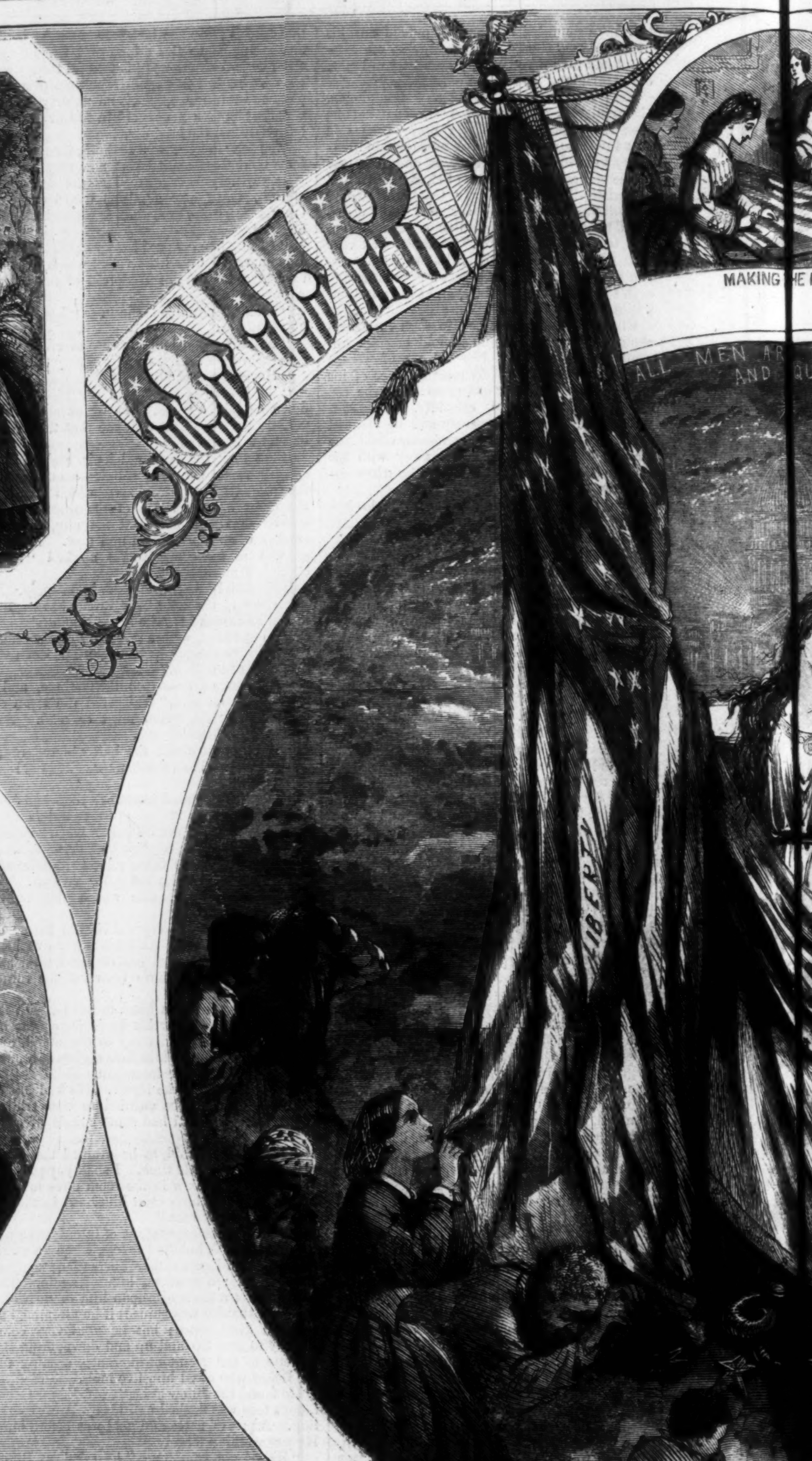
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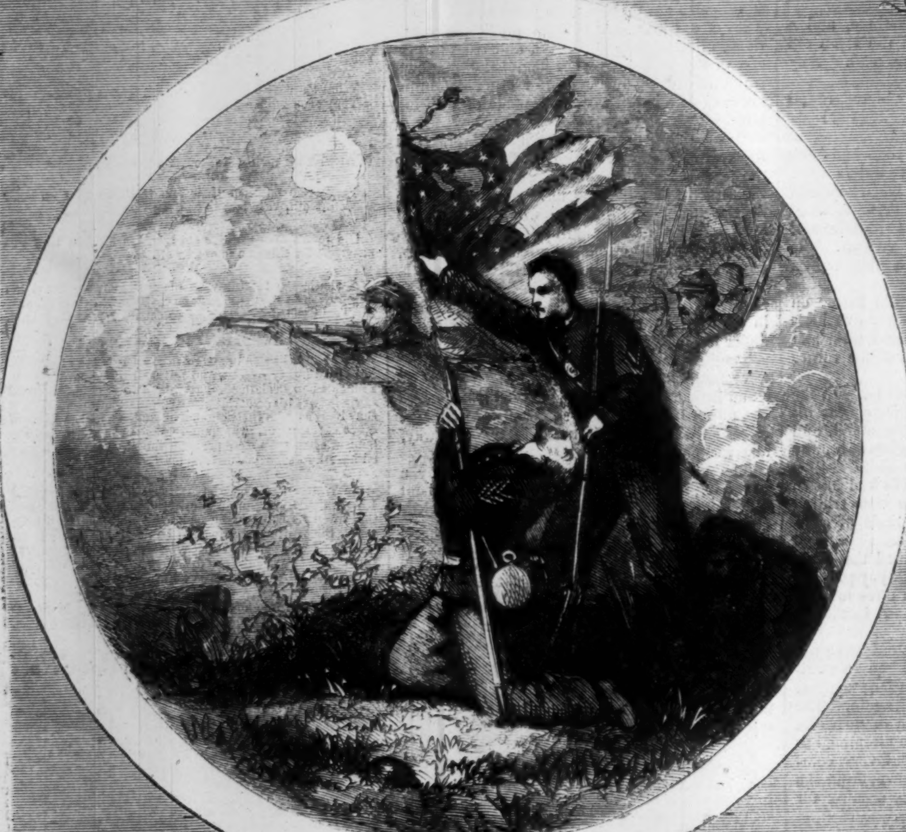

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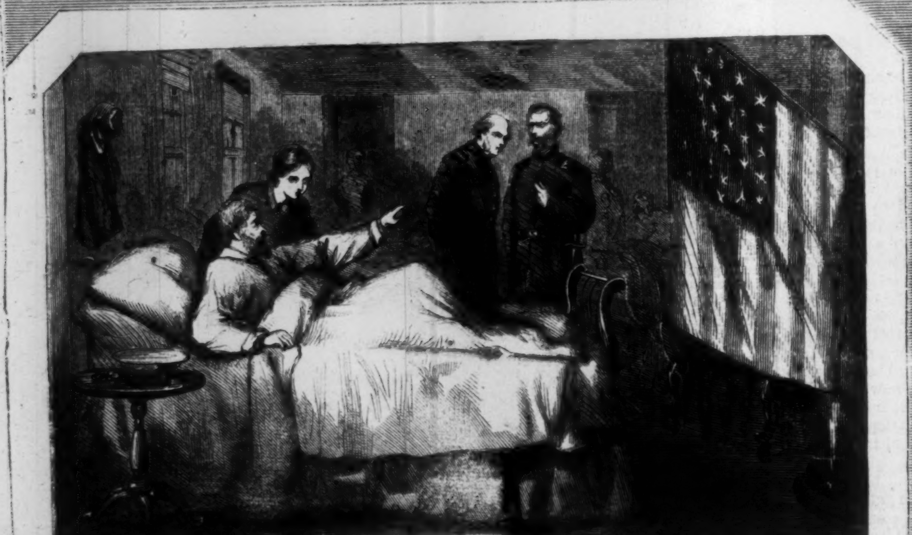

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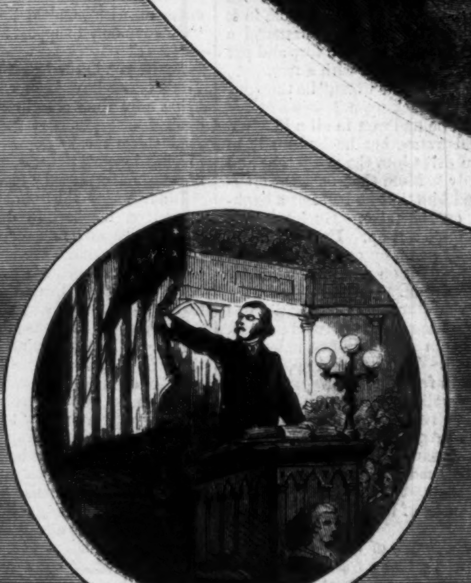

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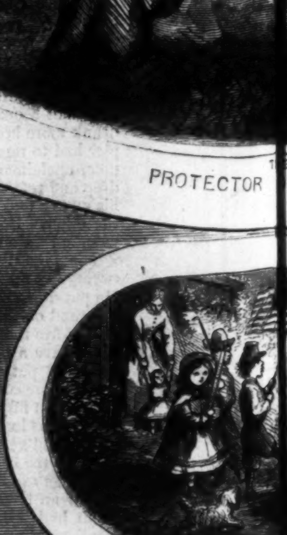

AT HOME.

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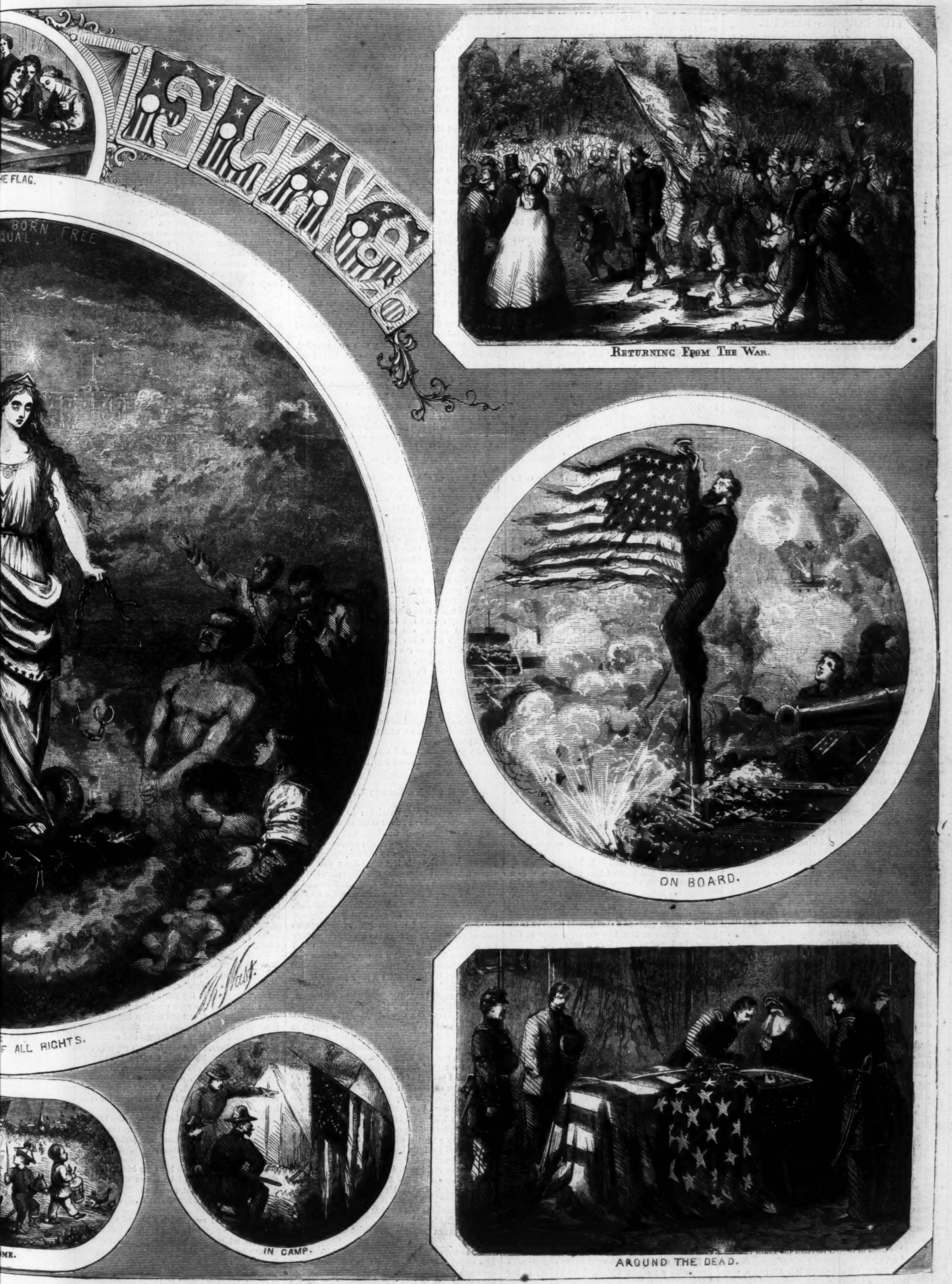
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AROUND THE DEAD.

F JULY, 1864.

THE LOVER'S RESCUE.

The morning sunshine was streaming in rivulets of broken gold athwart the craggy wildernesses that skirt the easterly shore of Mount Desert.

Along the whole iron-bound coast of Maine there is no single spot so feared by wary skippers and worshiped by art-tourists as the beetling cliffs and hollow-sounding caverns of Mount Desert. Woe betide the luckless bark that loses her reckoning in a foggy morning near the treacherous breakers that lurk beneath that restless tide! Woe betide the good ship that trusts herself too near those dreadful cliffs!

There are few dwellings scattered along this bleak and inhospitable shore, yet the September sunshine gave a sort of home-like look to the weather-browned cottage that seemed to have nestled down among the rocks, where a shelving terrace offered a bit of garden-room, and walls of black green firs and spruces leaned against the cliffs beyond. It was not much of a garden, however: a single gnarled apple-tree, bending over the porch in an attitude that somehow contrived to convey the idea that it had wrestled with the fierce coast gales until it had become completely discouraged, and didn't care whether it lived or died; a few thrifty vegetables on a sunny slope, guarded by a sturdy battalion of currant-bushes; two mammoth hydrangeas, in green-painted boxes, whose rank leaves hung over the door-stone, and a bright border of orange marigolds and blue German asters along the narrow path. Brave-hearted little autumn blossoms they were; for when the tides ran high and the winds unloosed their fateful legions the driving showers of spray fell like rain over all the garden domain.

Of course one could hardly expect any thing more real than a sea-nymph in this marine wilderness; but there was nothing shadowy or unsubstantial in the rosy New England face of Lettice Moore as she stood at the gate, shading her clear eyes with one brown hand, while the salt wind, fresh from the rocking billows of the Atlantic, lifted the curls from her low, pure forehead. She was rather small, but lithe and quick, with eyes as blue and dewy as freshly-blossomed morning-glories, and cheeks where the crimson glow of perfect health shone through the olive shadow left by sea-winds and fervent suns. For Lettice Moore was a sea-captain's daughter, and had grown up in the open air, just like the native pines and spruces whose moaning branches sung her to sleep in the cloudy autumn nights.

She looked very lovely in her dress of madder-red calico, with its coquettish ruffled pockets fastened with red buttons, and the trim collar fastened at her slender throat with a fantastic bit of coral, almost like a glowing drop of blood, that her father had brought from foreign shores years ago.

Suddenly the carmine deepened on her cheek, the blue eyes sparkled into soft brilliance.

"He's coming!" she murmured; "I hear his footsteps on the rocky stair." And she fluttered back into the house like a red autumn leaf. It was very evident that she did not intend *him* to know how long she had stood there shading her eyes with her hand.

A tall, straight young fellow, with bright hazel-brown eyes, and a tawny mustache overhanging a mouth whose frank smile was better than a dozen letters of introduction, you might have known him for an artist by the sketching-case and camp-stool that were slung carelessly across his shoulder. And as he came round the curve in the path, whistling softly to himself, his face shadowed by the broad-brimmed Panama hat, whose black ribbon was fastened into his button-hole, he never for an instant imagined that Letty Moore's blue eyes were shyly watching him behind the dense leaves of the hardy scarlet-runners that veiled the kitchen window.

Mrs. Moore's kitchen! Ah, reader, if you could only have seen it you would abjure the vanities of buhl and ormolu, rosewood and brocatelle, from this time forth for evermore: the square of rag carpet in the centre was so bright and fresh—the boards were scoured to such snowy purity, and the golden light came sifting in so vividly through the dancing leaves of the scarlet-runners! And then the tin dishes shone like silver on the trim dresser, and the red peppers hanging from the beams overhead glowed like giant rubies, and the blackbird in his wicker cage talked softly to himself, and kept an eye on the chickens that were skirmishing round the open door, like a policeman in a new jet-black suit! While Lettice herself, deliciously unconscious, was nestled in the window-seat with a bit of fine stitching in her brown fingers, singing the low refrain of some old fishing song she had caught from the sailors in the bay.

"Mr. Wayne!" she exclaimed, looking up suddenly as a bright sprig of sea-weed fluttered into her lap. "Why, how you startled me! Is it possible that you are back already?"

"Already!" repeated Kenneth Wayne, with an indescribable something of pique in his tone, "it is nearly eleven o'clock."

"So late as *that!*" said Lettice, biting off the end of her thread with teeth that were white and even as grains of rice.

Mr. Wayne stood leaning against the window ledge, his eyes fixed dreamily on the bright disheveled curls, and the olive cheek with its wine-like glow, where the moving leaf-shadows came and went at every second.

"How lovely she is!" was the unsyllabled fancy that shaped itself in his mind. "I wonder," he thought, setting his teeth close together, "if I am but a mad, conceited fool, blindly putting my own interpretation on every look and glance, or if she really loves me!"

As the thought floated through his brain Lettice looked up.

"Are you going out again this afternoon, Mr. Wayne?"

"Yes, I am going down to take a study or two from the great cavern."

"How?"

"The little boat lies at the landing. You need not laugh, Letty, I am enough of a hand at the oars to get across to the cavern even if I haven't grown, like a barnacle, on these rocks."

"Did I laugh?" said Letty, demurely surveying her bit of stitching.

"You'll go with me, Letty? Think how deliciously cool those green waves will be at noontide."

"I don't think I care to go to-day," said Letty, with an air of supreme indifference.

"Letty!"

"Well, Mr. Wayne!"

"Why *will* you be so provoking?"

"Am I provoking? Really I wasn't aware of it!"

"Letty," said the young man, with a sudden spot of crimson burning on his cheek, "I can not endure this uncertainty any longer, I must know my fate!"

She lifted the blue, limpid eyes to his face with the innocent wonderment of a child, while her scarlet lips, half parted, were like the deep incarnadine of the West Indian shells that lay on the shelf beyond.

"I love you, Letty!" he said, passionately; "I have loved you since the day I first looked upon your face. The time is coming when I must leave this desolate shore: let me take you with me to be the sunshine of my life. Don't turn away from me, Lettice Moore—give me one word, one look, to which I may cling and still hope on."

"You hurt my wrist," said Lettice, petulantly. "Don't, Mr. Wayne!"

He relaxed his hold, but his cheek was growing pale.

"You have not answered me, Lettice."

She stole a shy, arch glance at him under her long, brown lashes.

It was neither more nor less than woman's instinct, this strange impulse that prompted Lettice, in that moment when the fate of her whole life trembled in the balance, to play with her lover's earnestness, and hide behind a mask of simulated indifference. And so Lettice pouted her pretty lip, and twisted the bronze-brown curl round her finger, and looked out at the blue sweep of the distant sea and answered never a word.

"Tell me, Lettice, do you love me? Ay or no—an answer I *will* have."

Would have an answer, indeed! A pretty idea, thought willful Letty, to pretend an abject and humble devotion, and then use such lordly phrases as this. He should have his answer—for the present at least. It would be a good lesson, and one that Mr. Kenneth Wayne appeared to need. So she drew herself up, and replied in one haughty monosyllable,

"No!"

He stood looking at her a moment, while the blood seemed to recede from his face, leaving an ashy ring around the lips, and then turned quietly away, and took his slow, listless course down the rocky path, with eyes that saw not the blue glimmer of the distant sea, nor the lines of cloud that skirted the far away horizon.

The instant his footstep crossed the threshold Letty started up, as if to call him back. But the words seemed to die into silence upon her lips, and she sank back on the window-seat, hiding her face in her hands.

"What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

But the next instant she dashed the moisture from her eyelashes with a quick, haughty movement, and took up her work, as if fully resolved to dismiss the whole affair from her mind.

How long she sat there, mechanically plying the needle, she could never have told; it might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours. Her mind was in too fevered and restless a state to take much note of time; and the old wooden clock in a grove of asparagus between the windows ticked monotonously on, as it had ticked for thirty years, while the blackbird dozed in his cage, and the cicadas chirped shrilly from the stunted bushes along the cliff.

"Why, Letty, you ain't sick, be you?"

Mrs. Moore had bustled into the room, with a basket of shining crimson apples on her arm, and through her bright spectacles keenly regarded her daughter's face.

"No, mother, I am not sick; why did you ask?"

"You're as white as a sheet, child; you've been sittin' too close at that fine work. However, the color's beginnin' to come back a little now!"

Mrs. Moore sat down in a cushioned rocking-chair, and untied her bonnet strings; a plump, cheery little body, with cheeks like the sunny side of a Bartlett pear, and bright gray eyes that had a winning sparkle in them yet.

"I've been over to Desire Peabody's to find when Mahala Ann was to be married," began she; "and I come back by way of the medder on the south hill, and the ground under that tree was jest red with these 'ere apples. I calc'late they blowed down last night, when the gale come up. Jest as red as though they'd been painted; they'll make beautiful pies, won't they, Letty, with a pinch o' fennel-seed and plenty o' good brown sugar? The very tree your father always insisted was Rhode Island greenin's. I told him better, but Isaac always was dreadful sot in his ways."

Mrs. Moore broke into a mellow laugh as she surveyed the glossy treasures in her basket.

"By-the-way," she resumed, looking around the room, and leaning back in her chair to get a furtive glimpse into the little parlor beyond, "where's Mr. Wayne?"

He went out to go over to the Great Cave," said Lettice, bending over her work till her cheeks rivaled the scarlet runners without.

"The Great Cave!" ejaculated Mrs. Moore, lifting up both hands in dismay, "when there's a storm blowin' up, and the tide runnin' at the foot of the cliff like all possessed."

Lettice sprang up and went to the eastern window, with a strange, undefined foreboding at her heart.

The sky was covered with a rack of lurid clouds, breaking into ragged shreds before the wind; and even where she stood she could hear the hollow booming of the sea—the "roting," as it is significantly called by those who follow fisher-craft, with ever and anon a sudden report like the discharge of artillery, as some gigantic breaker shivered into clouds of spray against the rocky headlands.

She glanced across at the clock.

"It is strange that he has not returned—it is later than I thought," she murmured.

Once more at the garden gate, the wind wildly flinging her curls about, and her eager eyes straining out upon the dizzy rise and fall of the ocean beyond.

"Mother! the glass. Give me the glass!"

Her voice had risen almost to a shriek. Mrs. Moore caught the glass from its case under the mantle, and was at her daughter's side in an instant.

"What is it, daughter? Letty, what do you see?" she asked, clinging to the slender girl, with a thrill of terror at her heart.

"Look, mother!" said Lettice, eagerly giving the glass into the elder's hand, and speaking in quick, gasping tones. "Do you see that black speck just beyond Schooner Head? There—it is drifting toward us."

"I see it," said the mother, looking steadily out at sea.

"What is it?" questioned Lettice, breathlessly.

"A boat—our little fishing-boat!"

"I thought so," wailed the girl. "Oh, mother, mother! it is the boat that Mr. Wayne rowed away in this very morning. It is loosened from the moorings, and has drifted away, and he—O Heavens! he is tide-bound in the Great Cave!"

They looked at one another, pale and appalled, these two helpless women, with eyes full of unspoken horror.

"Jabez is not here, mother?"

"No; he went to Ellsworth this morning."

"But his boat is moored below."

"I—I believe so. Letty! my child—you would never risk your life in such a sea as this?"

Lettice turned upon her mother with sudden fire.

"Mother! I may be in time to save his life—who knows? But if his dead corpse is thrown upon these dismal rocks, when the tide rolls in, mine shall lie beside it."

And then, as she saw the white terror on her mother's face, she added, speaking in different and softer accents, "Don't be afraid; you know that father always said I could manage a boat as well as any fisherman on the coast."

Before Mrs. Moore could answer Lettice was springing down the cliffs like a deer. A moment later she saw the little boat unfastened, and her daughter's practiced hand steering it out to sea.

And then she fell on her knees, hiding her face against the rocks, moaning in anguish.

"God protect my child! God's mercy go with her across the cruel sea!"

Onward toiled the little boat, straining and cracking in every seam; but Lettice cared not for that, as she sat gazing out toward the rocky point, fringed with silver birches and funereal spruces, beneath which, like the yawning mouth of some gigantic sea-monster, lurked the Great Cavern of Mount Desert. Drenched with flying sheets of spray—deafened by the perpetual thunder of the waves—rocked to and fro by the heaving tide, as if her tiny craft had been but a floating leaf, she thought only of Kenneth Wayne prisoned in that dreadful wall of stone, and struck her oars into the green tumbling billows with the frenzied strength of a madwoman.

"I will save him, or I will die!" was the sentence that seemed burned into her brain in characters of fire.

And what was Mr. Kenneth Wayne doing all this time?

Not much sketching, certainly; he was scarcely in a mood for that, as he sat there on a projecting ledge of rock, moodily watching the translucent breakers toss their foamy wreaths against the wall of the cave, and listening to the resounding crash of the great deep. He had come down with some vague intention of sketching the Porcupine Rocks, whose stupendous heights have been familiarized to us by Wiles's painting; but he soon gave up that idea, and abandoned himself, despairing, lover-like, to the contemplation of his own misery.

"I don't care if I never touch another square inch of canvas," he muttered to himself, clenching his hands. "If Lettice could have loved me, I might have devoted myself to my art, with a reasonable chance of one day becoming a distinguished man. Now, it don't matter a pin's point whether I live or die!"

Poor Kenneth! All this might be very harrowing to our feelings if half the civilized male world hadn't passed through this very Slough of Despond, and afterward got married, and, like the people in fairy tales, "lived happy ever after."

All of a sudden he sprang to his feet.

"Hallo, the tide appears to be rolling in at a deuce of a rate!" he exclaims, half aloud, "and the sooner I get out of this place the better. Who would have supposed it was so late? Confound those breakers, how they bellow! One might almost fancy them possessed demons."

Kenneth Wayne picked his way leisurely down the sloping floor of the cave, already becoming wet and slippery with the advancing tide, to where he had fastened the little boat.

It was gone.

A sudden thrill passed across his heart as if it had been clasped by icy fingers—the full peril of his situation flashed on his mind in appalling distinctness. Alone in the great Cavern, with his boat gone, and the tide coming in with the howling fury of a wild beast!

"It does not matter a pin's point whether I live or die!"

Those were the idle words that had rested on his lips scarce half an hour ago; but he had never dreamed when he spake them that he should so soon stand face to face with Death. Now, as the cold dew broke out on his forehead, and the pallor of deadly horror blanched his very lips, the rashly-spoken sentence came back to him freighted with deep and solemn meaning.

Yet Kenneth Wayne was no coward. When once the dreadful certainty was impressed on his mind, he leaned with folded arms against the jagged wall, resolved to meet his fate as a brave man should.

So the world was passing away from him—the bright sunshine, the blue outer air, the song of robins in the gnarled apple-trees at home. All the bright visions he had formed—the aspirations he had built up in the cloudy vistas of the future—the loves and hopes that had clustered around his pathway—all, all passing away. And even through the roar of the rising tide he could hear the silver ticking of his watch, and smiled bitterly to think how soon Time would be but a meaningless name to him.

Dead! He could not fancy the strong, warm, throbbing vitality within his frame transformed to a cold corpse, with dank, streaming hair and livid, upturned face, tossed hither and yon upon the cruel crests of those leaping billows. Would he be carried far out to sea, and picked up days afterward by some passing ship? Or would his body be dashed to pieces against the hidden breakers of that fatal coast, and none ever know how or where he died? Or perhaps some wave might throw him on the beach at Schooner Head, and Lettice might look on his dead face with a pitying pang.

Lettice! Ah, *there* was the bitterness of death!

The waves were creeping around his knees now, and throwing tongues of spray about him, as a serpent throws its slimy tongue over its prey before the deadly sting, and his head began to whirl strangely with the hollow boom of the waters against the echoing walls. He closed his eyes in a sort of dumb agony of despair to await the fate that was so certain, so relentless.

"Kenneth! Kenneth Wayne!"

Was it but the sickly phantasy of the death hour, or did Lettice Moore's wild voice sound under those vaulted recesses?

It was no phantasy—a warm, living hand was drawing him through the black waters.

"Quick—the boat! Oh my God! to think that you were standing so close to your death."

He stared blankly at the white, eager face opposite him—even then he did not fully realize that he had escaped from the very jaws of destruction.

"Kenneth, speak to me! Oh, Kenneth! you have not lost your reason in that dreadful place."

He bent forward with a look of deep gratitude that brought the scarlet blood into her cheek, but neither of them spoke.

"Let me take the oars, Letty," he said, after a few minutes. "The waves are very high, and you are weak and worn out."

She shook her head.

"We shall reach the Head soon, and a misstroke might cost us our lives. You have not been used to the management of a boat since you were a baby; *I* have!"

Slight and slender as that pale girl was, what a brave, dauntless spirit she carried! Kenneth Wayne looked at her with a feeling almost akin to awe, as the salt blast blew the hair away from her ashen face, and the clouds, drooping in black ragged masses overhead, cast a strange reflection on her forehead.

Suddenly she leaned over to look at the shores they were approaching.

"The moorings are under water," she said, calmly. "We can not land there."

"Can not land there! Then what are we to do?"

"Kenneth, listen to me," she said, in low, distinct tones. "They are waiting for us on yonder shore, but no boat can put out now, nor can they aid us to land. A rope would part like cotton thread in such a sea as this. Do you see that ragged edge of rock projecting from the Head beyond?"

"Yes."

"I shall wait until yonder great breaker rolls in and let the boat ride in upon its crest. Then I shall throw the coil of rope over that rock."

"But, Lettice, the receding billow will snap it like a hair."

"You must not wait for the receding wave. Spring to the shore; they will be able to help you before the next breaker sweeps you away."

"And you, Lettice!"

"I shall have saved your life—that will be enough."

He sat silently watching her, until she rose up in the boat, poising herself like a beautiful Diana, as the boat rocked on the crest of a giant wave.

"Now is the time," she said, turning to him. "Don't forget *me* in the years that are to come!"

As she tossed the rope over the point of rock, with an accuracy of eye and motion known only to those whose lives are spent beside the sea-shore, he clasped the frail figure in his arms and sprang.

For their lives. A misstep on the slippery shore would have precipitated both into the boiling whirlpools of the sea—a moment's hesitation would have been their doom; but Kenneth Wayne had carefully husbanded his strength, and calculated the exact distance with a precision learned through his artist-life.

He felt the clasp of kindly hands, the bonds of aiding fingers, as they were dragged up the wet and yielding sands; but one terrible apprehension filled his mind with strange dismay.

"Lettice! is she safe?"

For if death had taken her from him in that moment of peril life would be scarce worth having, dearly bought though it were.

And then he heard her mother's voice whispering softly,

"Thank God! my child is alive and unhurt!"

Not all the pictured gloom of cathedrals, nor the chant of white-robed priests, could give more passionate fervency to the prayer that went up from the desolate rocks of the storm-girdled island—the prayer of thanks too deep for words, that burst from Kenneth Wayne's inmost soul!

And so the tempestuous night closed around the cliffs of Mount Desert.

The next morning rose bright and cloudless, as if no murky vapors had ever obscured the liquid dome of heaven; and when Kenneth Wayne came down stairs Lettice was standing by the window in a pink morning-dress—a little pale, but very lovely—in a mood unusually subdued and quiet. She looked up with a faint smile and a few murmured words of greeting as he entered, but he had made up his mind not to be put off by any such maidenly subterfuge. He went straight up to her, and looked fully into the blue eyes with a tender, searching glance.

"Letty," he said, gently, "I have come to plead my cause with you yet again. We are nearer to each other than we were this time yesterday. You are my preserver, Lettice. You would have given your life for me yesterday; I am here to ask you to give that life into my keeping now. I will cherish it, dearest, with an everlasting love! Lettice, will you be my wife?"

She put her hand shyly into his.

"Oh, Kenneth, I never knew how much I loved you until I thought you were lost to me forever!"

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

"Sir, excuse me, but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a den of thieves and murderers!"

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously, and addressed me in this singular manner.

I had that day chanced to fall in with an elderly gentleman (Mr. Leslie by name) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of nearly eighteen; and as our routes lay in the same direction, we very naturally agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at a roadside inn. Our accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible from the external appearance of the dwelling; and much to our satisfaction we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed with heavy green curtains, a light-stand, and a couple of chairs. Every thing was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the wall near the door, greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked, hastily.

He gave me a soiled piece of paper, on which were rudely inscribed these words:

> "Jim saw three travelers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at your house pretty soon after dark, and you must manage to keep them to-night. Don't try to settle them until I come, which will be about midnight. Tom Seyton."

We engaged in a short conversation as to the course we had better pursue, and then, without arriving at any conclusion, I left the father and daughter alone for a few moments, while I cautiously descended the stairs. Having gained the hall below, I stole through a long narrow passage I had not before observed, and at last came to the door of an apartment, in which I knew the family of our host, together with our would-be murderers, were assembled.

"Well, Tom, how do you propose to settle our guests above?"

This was the voice of our host addressing the new-comer.

"How have you disposed of them?"

"Why, I gave the old man and the girl the two rooms on the left, and that young fellow took the one at the right."

"The room you made so *convenient* last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case I don't think we shall find hard work at all. The very instant you hear the report of my pistol you and Jim must be at hand to enter the old man's room and take care of him."

"But when will all this come off?"

"At twelve; they will be sleeping most soundly then."

It wanted just thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened to retrace my steps up stairs.

I visited my own room first, where I found that the "convenient fixture" I had heard spoken of below was merely a small square hole in the wall, just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large to insert the barrel of any moderate-sized pistol—a very easy method to relieve a man of his life.

Having made this discovery I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter.

"I was about to propose," I said, "that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we meet them together while Seyton has his loaded pistol at hand one of us will be sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner waste Seyton's shot and throw him off his guard, I am very sure I could gain the mastery in a hand-to-hand struggle in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly; and, luckily for your scheme, I wear a wig, which may be of considerable benefit to you in making the counterfeit of which you have spoken. Take it; it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fill the wig sufficiently with the bed-clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position upon the pillow, in front of the little opening. Having done this, I glanced at my watch in the moonbeams. It wanted five minutes of twelve!

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtains move aside a little. There was a moment's silence, and then a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low, despairing moan, as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Seyton came running in, with his pistol still in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion he approached the bed; but meanwhile I had grasped a long, heavy bar of hard wood, which, I presume, by the merest chance, happened to be standing against the wall near by, and when he had arrived within a convenient distance I sprung out upon him, and with a single well-directed blow I laid him sprawling, and I judged insensible, upon the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and it was scarcely completed when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. Without stopping to assure myself further of the effect of the rather severe knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companion. He was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Jim, while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent it. He was brave and resolute, but I could see his strength was failing rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow Jim with cords, and left Mr. Leslie in the charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Seyton. He was just recovering from the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had supposed, had rendered him insensible for a time, and I was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us still further.

Now all that remained for me to do to render our situation quite secure was, to take from our hostess the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started below for this purpose.

I afterward learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment until she could safely venture forth, and then stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried in his hand. By some mistake, our host and Jim did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Seyton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. When they did present themselves he had fired at the one in advance, who happened to be our host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the old inn for the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

"You will like my friend for my sake, lady Winsome," Hal Thuriot had said, one desolate, winter-like day, before Captain Miles Wayne came to them on his furlough.

The Captain's men had re-enlisted, and he with them, and they were all coming home that March for a look at home faces before the spring campaign. Only Captain Wayne had no home, and but one friend—Hal Thuriot. Hal, with that great, honest heart of his, loved him better than most brothers. His very first thought was to ask him to "The Maples"—only there was Rose Saltonstall, his betrothed, his wee, white flower o' the world, staying there just then, nominally visiting his sister Jeannette, really engrossing him all the hours in the day. Would Rose like it? He asked her.

She pouted a little at first. It would be vexatious, this bringing a stranger in to be entertained, to spoil their quiet home pleasures, to take Hal away from her. Then her tender little heart smote her at the thought of the furloughed soldier with no home to go to—no welcome. She turned tearful, pitying eyes to Hal.

"Let him come, by all means. If I don't like him I'll never let him know it. It will be his last look at a peaceful home, perhaps. The spring campaign will lay so many of the poor fellows low. Let us be kind to him."

Then it was that Hal said, with a grateful look, that she would like his friend for his sake, he knew—the letter of invitation was sent, and in a week's time Captain Wayne was with them.

He had a strange power over Rose from the first moment she saw his handsome, haughty face. From the first she feared him, and tried to array herself in antagonism against him. She hardly knew what her fear meant. It was as if her destiny had whispered a warning to her which she could not understand. She was cold at first to the stranger; until she saw that that made them all uncomfortable, especially Hal. Then she gently tried to make atonement—talked to him, read to him, and began to understand how much there was in him besides courage.

She learned herself better in those days, too. She had just been a girl before—a capricious sprite, gay sometimes, tearful sometimes, but acting on impulse wholly. In Captain Wayne's presence she seemed ripening into womanhood. His words made her think. He took different views of life from the gay young people she had known. Partly it might have been that he was an orphan from boyhood, and so had grown up with a strong link between him and the world of souls, where those who would have loved him were—partly that for more than two years he had been daily and hourly, as it were, near neighbor to death—looking on battle-fields, sharing in stormy charges, walking through hospitals, himself with few marks of past dangers, save one broad, deep scar upon his handsome forehead. When he talked it could hardly be in such gay, careless strain as Rose had been wont to hear. The impress of his earnest life was upon his words, and they moved her with a power she did not herself understand.

At first Hal liked it. He was charmed that they got on so well together—that his betrothed found his friend so companionable, and that his little Rose seemed so attractive in the clear-judging eyes of Captain Wayne. It was not till three weeks had passed that he grew at all uncomfortable, and by that time neither Rose nor the Captain was sufficiently at ease to notice the shadow on his brow. He was just as kind as ever—just as faithfully Miles Wayne's friend—just as tender to his white Rose. There might be room in his large heart for fear or sorrow—there was none for petty jealousy or ignoble suspicion.

So the days went on. The spring began to look through the skies of April, and breathe in the softer winds; and in one week more Captain Wayne must go back to his post in the Army of the Potomac. Rose's eyes grew sad. She said little, but the color came and went on her cheek in painful flushes, and she was wasting to a shadow. Hal watched her furtively, with a growing pain. Captain Wayne never seemed to look at her, but he saw every motion. Silence had fallen on them all like a spell. Together from morning till night, yet neither of them cared to break it. Hal's sister, Jeannette—good, kindly, unsuspicious soul!—saw nothing. She talked to them on all occasions, when she was not busy elsewhere, in the most *mal à propos* style; yet they all found relief in the shelter of her commonplaces.

So the very last day came, and grew from dawning toward sunset, and nothing had been said—not one word which would make Rose or Captain Wayne traitors to love or friendship. If their eyes had played them false it had gone no farther. And yet they both knew that there was a secret between them before which either trembled—a secret losing no whit of its potency because it had not been put into words.

When the day began to darken to its close Hal got up. He meant to leave them alone together. If they loved each other, he thought, in Heaven's name let them say so! and he—he would drink any cup they chose to brew for him. There was no bitterness in his heart; only a great, yearning sorrow. He did not blame them—either her or him. He knew they had meant fairly by him. If their souls had asserted themselves in their wills' despite could he condemn them? So he was going out, to leave them to the twilight and each other, but Rose stopped him. There was a very anguish of prayer in her eyes as she laid her hand on his arm.

"I want you, Hal. Stay with us," was a plea from which, enforced by such supplicating eyes, he could not turn away. So he staid.

In the twilight Captain Wayne sat still, growing strangely cold, though the fire upon the hearth burned bright as Rose sang. She sang as a cover to the silence between those three so soon to part; but all the songs were tender, tremulous ballads of love and woe, with quivers of heart-piercing pain thrilling through them. Try as she would, no others would come to her. Still any thing was better than the silence, and she sang.

At last came Jeannette's cheery tones calling to supper, and they all got up. As Rose turned away a kiss and a tear touched her hand. It was Hal, who had been leaning over her in the darkness.

They made the tea as long an affair as they could. There was safety round the table, with the bright lights, Jeannette's talk, and the everyday aspect which life always assumes on occasions of eating and drinking. Then, afterward, there were two or three hours more of silence, and a sort of fearful waiting—and then there was good-night.

Captain Wayne must start early next morning, and Jeannette—who always managed every thing, in pleasant unconsciousness of any hidden rocks and quick-sands—arranged that Rose should not get up to see him off. She would preside at the early breakfast herself, and Hal should go with his friend to the station; all the other good-bys must be said now.

Rose acquiesced gladly, feeling as if she were saved from one more peril—conscious all the while of a mad, despairing impulse to throw herself at Captain Wayne's feet, and beg him to take her with him or kill her. That was under her breath; outwardly she was calm and pale. She shook hands with him, and said a mechanical good-by; but she did not dare to meet his eyes. She heard his low farewells; his prayer that God would bless her, and keep her from straying, and her heart from pain; and then, scarcely knowing how, she went away, conscious only, at first, of a sense of deliverance. The hour of her temptation had passed by, and she had not uttered one word that Hal Thuriot's betrothed wife had no right to say. The passion of her pain, the fierce, mad sense of wrong and injustice, would come afterward—the hours when the sun of her life would seem set, and her world as empty as an egg-shell. This one night must be for thanksgiving—the thanksgiving of a heart which believed itself delivered from moral wreck.

The Captain went away next morning before she was down stairs. She saw them walk down the avenue, he and Hal. The quick, soldierly footsteps seemed treading on her heart. Once he turned and looked back at the house, a long last look. She saw the sad lines round the mouth, the eyes full of courage, but full, too, of despair—the face which might have been her sun of all the world, and was to her nothing.

Then she sank into her chair, and tried to go back in spirit to the days before Miles Wayne came. Surely she had loved Hal then. Surely it must be that she loved him now. The other love had been but a feverish dream. Like a dream it would pass away. Over and over she said to herself, as if the very sound of the words strengthened her, that she loved Hal, and Hal loved her. She would go down and meet him when he came home, and be his own little white Rose again. Hal was so good. No pain must ever come to him through her. Alas! she little knew what bitterness of woe she had given him to taste already.

So she met him at the door, and gave him a welcome like her old welcomes. He received it gently. He was kind; but oh, with such compassionate tenderness!—not like a lover. He bent over and touched his lips to her forehead, with a low murmur of pity—

"Poor Rose! poor little Rose!"

Nearly a month went by, and she began to know better—to understand how, without one word of confession, or blame, or explanation, their relations had changed. She saw that he loved her still, but that he thought her heart was not his, and so, without taking away his tenderness or lessening his care, renounced all claim on her. And then, ignorant still of herself, she wondered if she was glad of this, or sorry—wondered who she did love, and sometimes made herself believe that what she had felt for Hal was deeper and stronger than that other passion. How many girls pass through just such experiences and incertitudes!

Then came the third of May—the order for the Army of the Potomac to move. A week of torturing suspense, in which no one felt any emotion save the one strained sense of fearful expectation; and then, among the list of dead at the battle of the Wilderness, his name—Captain Miles Wayne. Not wounded—not taken prisoner—not missing even, but just dead! Through that long May-day of fierce combat, ever among the boldest and bravest, and at the end of it, dead. In that last fierce charge, when so many hero souls went to the home of heroes, his had been set free, and gone forth out of the Wilderness to God!

She read it with her own eyes. It would have been in vain to try to keep the papers from her. Her heart, indeed, had uttered sure prophecy of its loss, and she read the name in the dead list but as a confirmation of something known before. She could not see any one that day, not even Hal. She went away to her own room, where, alone in the universe with God, she recognized a Father's hand, and was still.

The next morning Hal came, and she opened the door to his knock. He gave her a letter.

"It is a message from him," he said, as if in apology for his intrusion. "He wrote it for you that last night. He wanted me to read it, but I would not. I was to give it to you if he died; and he felt sure he should die this spring."

With those words he closed the door, and she was alone with her message from the dead. She opened it and read:

> "I am alone to-night, Rose—this last night that I shall ever pass under the same roof with you. I am going to spend part of it in writing to you. If I expected to live not one word of what I am about to say should meet your eye—nay, *if* I live it never will. Hal knows that I am about to write it. He has given me his permission, and his promise that you shall have the letter when I am dead. And I write in full assurance that you will not have long to wait for my words. I know that my hour will come soon. It is not a morbid notion of fate—nor yet shall I seek death—but I know that days of fierce fighting are coming, and I think I shall not be backward in doing my duty. Many must fall, and I shall be among them. I know it by the peace which fills my heart—for only by death can peace ever be mine. Were I to live, I should feel as if I were a traitor, barred and banned from all I hold dearest. But dying blood cleanses from many sins, and when I am gone even Hal will forgive me that I loved you. He will not grudge me the place I may hold in your memory, while you blossom into beauty at his fireside, or cradle his children upon your knee.
>
> "For I know, Rose, that you will be his wife. It *should* be so. You loved him before you knew me, and you love him still, more than you love me. He is worthier of you—in his great, calm, noble heart you will find rest. I think I have understood what you felt for me; but it has not been love, such as is to make your life with him happy. It has been a romance, a frenzy—something sweet, indeed, but vague, tormenting, unreal. If you had never loved Hal you might have loved me; but having loved him and been pledged to him, you never could have forgotten him, or shaken off your allegiance to him. As my wife, if I could have done both you and him such wrong as to woo and win you, you would not have been at rest. If you were mine to give, I would give you to him—he is so worthy of you, and he loves you so. But you are *not* mine; you are his, honestly loved by him, and promised to him before I ever saw you—his bride, whom I sinned past most men's forgiveness in loving. Past most men's, but, thank God, not past his! I know that he was never more truly or warmly my friend than he is now. My very last thought will be a blessing on you both—a prayer for your happiness as his wife.
>
> "He would have given you up to me, if he had thought it would have made us both happy, without a murmur. Perhaps he has done so, even now, in his heart. How was it that I learned to love you—did such wrong to such a friend? I can not tell. It grew upon me unconsciously, and I never saw my danger until my whole heart had gone out from me, and lay at your feet. But since I am to die you will forgive me, you and he. You will not grudge me the one sweetness of my life—the hours in which I forgot right and wrong, past and future, looking into your eyes, listening to your voice.
>
> "But why do I write on when I have said all I had to say in asking you to forgive me—to hold me in gentle remembrance when you are Hal's happy wife? When you read this I shall be beyond the sound of human speech—beyond the reach, so they say, of earthly love or woe. And yet it seems to me that if you weep for me I shall know it; if you and he talk of me gently, pityingly, with love and pardon, I shall know it; and, in the silent land beyond, it will give me heart's-ease.
>
> "Miles Wayne."

It was morning when she read these words. She remained alone with them all day. They were the first expression of his love, and they came nearer to her than he in his life had ever dared to come. It was almost to her as if his disembodied soul were there beside her, keeping watch through the still hours of that long day.

When the twilight came she took the letter, and stole down stairs to the room where Hal sat alone and waited. She put it in his hand, and made him read it by the light still lingering in the western sky. When he had read all, she turned toward him with a gesture of appeal:

"You see what he says—is it true? Was it you or he whom I loved?"

"Both of us, perhaps, dear child," and the fond arms took her in, the great heart sheltered her as of old. Soothed by his care, she wept her first tears. They fell on her seared heart like a grateful rain, easing her heavy burden. Only now and then she would shudder convulsively, and cry with white, pitiful face,

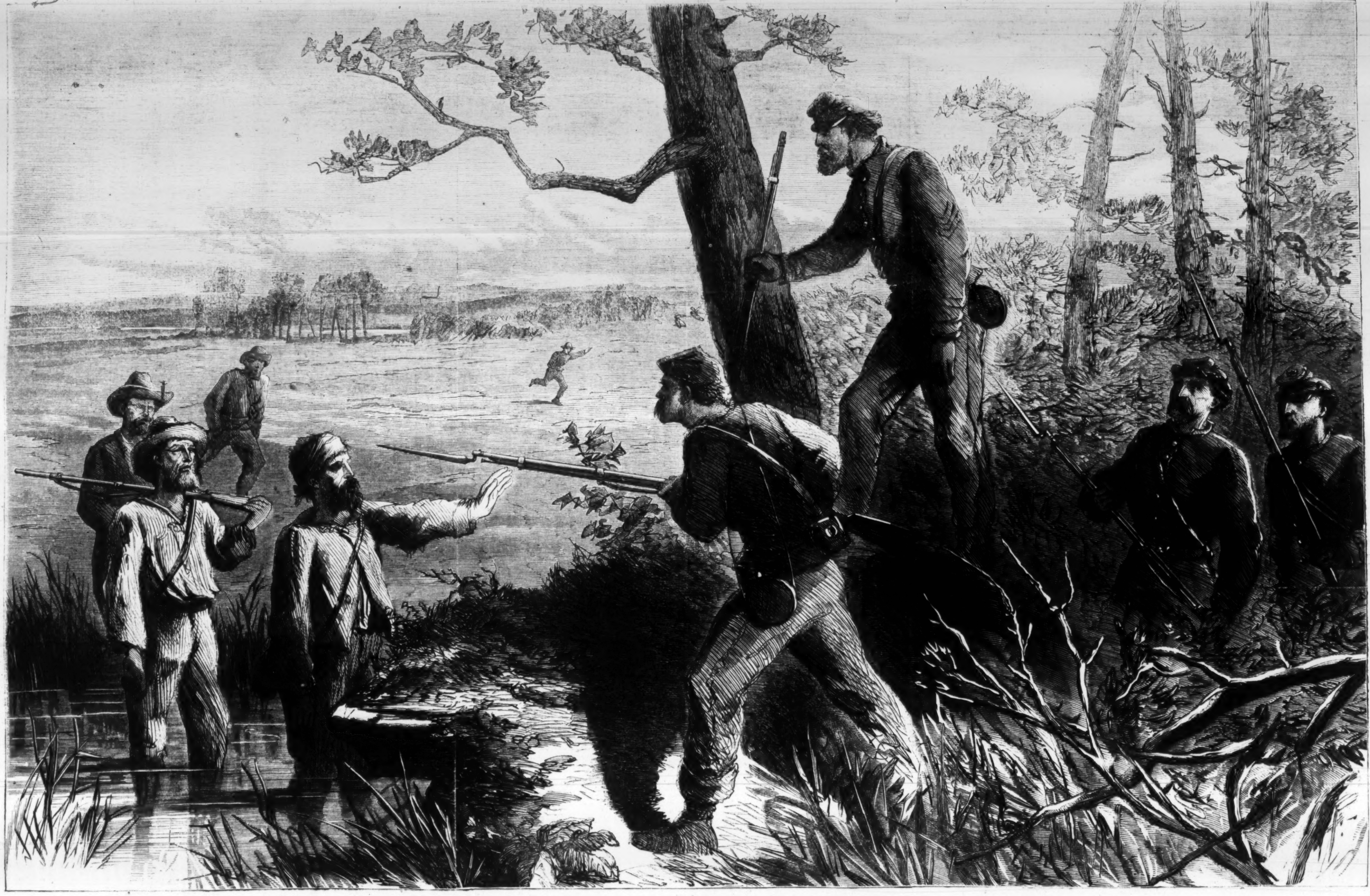
"Oh, Hal, it is so dreadful to think of him dying there, with no one to be sorry for him or comfort him!"

And then, patiently soothing her, Hal would whisper—

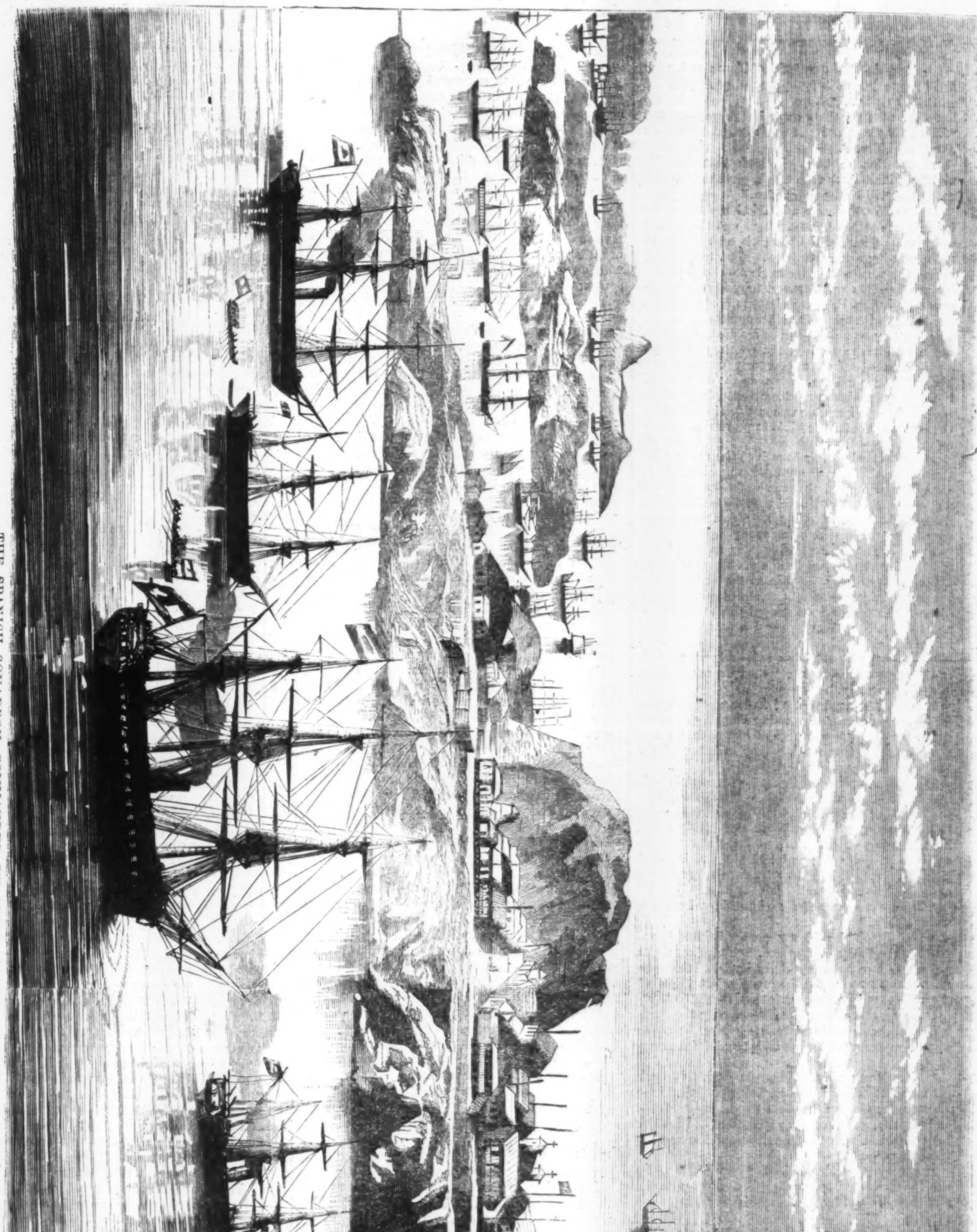
"Perhaps God comforted him, dear child—God, who loved him better than you or I, though we loved him well."

Softly fell the night around them there, as it fell that May-day over the Wilderness where so many brave dead hearts were lying.

When will the morning come—Hal's and hers? They can not look with their tear-blinded eyes into the future; but does it not hold a time when Captain Wayne's words will be proven prophecy—when Hal's wife, happy in his love, cradling his children on her knee, will only recall as a blessed and tender memory the lover of so brief a space, who washed out in the red tide of blood and battle all the wrong he had ever done his friend, and went home to the final Judge of all, out of the Wilderness?



REBEL DESERTERS COMING WITHIN THE UNION LINES.—[See next Page.]



THE SPANISH SQUADRON, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL PINZON, TAKING POSSESSION OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

REBEL DESERTERS.

The sketch which we give on page 460 represents a scene of daily occurrence both in the Eastern and Western campaigns. Desertions from the rebel army are, however, more frequent in the West, for the reason that the region from which they were originally drawn is in a far less degree actuated by a feeling of hatred against the North. The *animus* of the rebellion is not in Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi, but in Virginia and South Carolina. A great proportion of those who come within our lines in Virginia are men who have been conscripted in North Carolina. These deserters are of great use to our Generals in giving important information in regard to the disposition and numbers of the enemy. Not unfrequently they become invaluable as scouts. If the secret history of our campaigns could be written, it would be found that not a few of our victories, particularly in the West, have been due to the faithful and oftentimes romantic adventures of these scouts.

A few days ago there came into General Sherman's lines a portion of Trigg's Fifty-fourth Virginia Regiment—the same which was in Humphrey Marshall's army at Middle Creek when that fat Colonel was defeated by Garfield. Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and other national victories, have told upon these soldiers' first love for secession.

THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

Public attention has been of late especially directed to the Guano Islands, the occupation of which by a Spanish squadron we illustrate on this page. The Chincha Islands are situated in the Pacific, on the west coast of Peru, to which country they belong. They are three in number, inconsiderable as to size, and about ten miles distant from the port of Pisco. These desolate solitudes are solely important by reason of the guano which through a series of years has accumulated from the excrements of various marine birds, forming beds, sometimes of a brown and sometimes of a rose color, which in certain places rise to the height of 120 feet. The huts of the inhabitants are built on the guano itself. The means of subsistence on these islands, even to water, have to be drawn from the main land. This makes the cost of living very great. A hotel has been established there, offering to travelers comfortable accommodation. The majority of the inhabitants are workmen who are continually employed in transporting the hard guano to dépôts for exportation.

The Spanish authorities having disclaimed all connection with Admiral Pinzon's seizure of the Chincha Islands, and having withdrawn their fleet, there is no apprehension of farther difficulty.

MY SERVICE OF PLATE.

Not long ago I was presented by a circle of admiring friends with a service of plate.

I use the term admiring in a figurative sense, mind; not that I am incapable of exciting admiration in the *opposite* sex, but because this particular circle of friends was composed entirely of men, with the weaknesses of men, including envy, jealousy, etc., and because I have been made painfully aware since that some of them entertained feelings toward me bordering on dislike, which necessarily precludes sentiments of admiration.

I am what angry tax-payers call a public servant; an upper servant, however, being at the head of one of the bureaus in a certain department of the Federal Government.

It is customary every year in this department for one of the chief clerks to receive, and the underlings to present, a testimonial, in the shape generally of a silver service, procured by voluntary subscriptions from all the employés. As these presentations are confined to the chief clerks, a few, in fact many, of the underlings, with the pettiness inherent in our fallen natures, are mean enough to regard these voluntary subscriptions in the light of forced contributions, and to class them with the monthly levy on our salaries for party purposes, which really is odious and tyrannical, but to which we are compelled to submit by the uncertain tenure of political positions.

Last year it was Van Ricketts the First Auditor's turn to receive; the year before Sweetser the Cashier accepted; and this year Palafox Primrose, your most obedient, was honored with, as I premised, a service of plate.

Yes, *honored!* to my great regret and misfortune, as I will shortly make apparent.

The gift is invariably made on Christmas-eve; and it is etiquette for the designated recipient, although aware of the intended honor months before, to affect profound ignorance of what is going to take place; to be blind to the subscription-list passing under his nose; and, moreover, to be unusually bland and amiable to all in the office: this last circumstance exposing him to the designs of any unscrupulous employé who may take advantage of the complacent mood of his superior to "hedge" the amount of his subscription by borrowing. This happened to me, who, although not a lending man, was obliged—yes *obliged*—to give (for it were a mockery to call it lending) sundry sums, amounting in the aggregate to eighty-two dollars, the week preceding my reception of the plate. Of course it is impossible to refuse; the meanest miser alive couldn't be guilty of that at a moment when his fellow-citizens are bestirring themselves to offer him a proof of their love and esteem in an elegant, costly, and substantial shape. Of course a man feels flattered—highly so—and can't help telling his wife about it beforehand, as I did, rather incautiously, as it chanced; for she naturally confided the important information to other ladies, who in turn confided it to their husbands; so that, in the natural confusion of tenses incidental to the verbal transmission of news, it was spread abroad and believed that I actually was in possession of the testimonial a week before the presentation, much to my annoyance, as I was obliged to receive congratulations with counterfeit looks of blank surprise, and practice the most unblushing deception and insincerity. However, it was impossible to find fault with Emma (that is Mrs. Primrose) for her indiscreet and premature revelations; for the dear woman was as highly flattered at the forthcoming honor as I was—certainly more demonstratively delighted, for she set about immediately making preparations for the event. She mentioned at once the necessity of receiving the committee appointed to wait on me in a proper manner, and suggested that the drawing-rooms needed new curtains and a new carpet, hinting also at the propriety of our two daughters having new apparel, to say nothing, which she did say, about her own attire.

I ventured a mild objection. "My dear Emma," said I, "why not receive our friends at our plain and happy fireside without ostentation? Why should we depart from that republican simplicity which has ever been our ornament and pride, and which we have inherited, with other virtues, from our Revolutionary forefathers?"

"My dear Palafox," replied my wife, banishing my objections with a kiss, "this is no ordinary occasion. I have always had a profound contempt for testimonials in general; and were this one of those silly, unmeaning ceremonies, arising from vanity and mutual admiration, I would not stir a hand or foot to receive them; but this is altogether different. I know it to be but the genuine and spontaneous expression of esteem from those who know you best, and have had the amplest opportunity to judge you, and recognize your worth and ability."

"Well, well, Emma," said I, with a smile, "perhaps it is so. Do as you like, my love." And I decided from that moment that Mrs. Primrose took the right view of the matter; for she is a woman of uncommon keenness of perception, and an excellent judge of human nature.

My house is a small and modest one; but on the auspicious occasion I may say it presented quite a brilliant appearance. The new carpet was resplendent; Mrs. Primrose and our daughters Emma and Susan were effulgent; and I was attired with my usual good taste in a new suit of clothes and a scintillating scarf.

The committee came toward evening, preceded by a porter, who deposited, or rather dropped, a heavy package wrapped in brown paper on the centre-table of our front drawing-room. My family and I affected total unconcern at this proceeding, as in duty bound, and awaited the action of the committee, whom we rose to meet with cordial yet serious and becoming greetings.

The spokesman, my intimate friend Sweetser, the most effective stump-speaker in the Thirtieth Ward, now addressed me in a speech of uncommon power, and which my modesty forbids me to repeat at length. Suffice it to say that he alluded in very complimentary terms to my long career of usefulness as an officer of the United States Government; to my unswerving fidelity, unshaken loyalty, and unimpeachable integrity while in the service of said Government; touching also on the enviable reputation I enjoyed as a fellow-citizen, a husband, a father, and an accountant. Then, with a graceful wave of his hand the orator directed my attention to the service, now free from its envelopes and shining in splendor, in the following words: "The nation, Sir, owes you a debt of gratitude which it is unable to pay; but we, Sir, as an integral portion of that nation, and as representatives of your fellow-citizens in the employ of the —— Department of the United States of America, beg to tender you, Sir, this service of plate as a trifling token of our esteem and regard for your manifold virtues, talents, and worth."

This glowing eulogium overwhelmed me. My heart swelled, my eyes filled, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could only shake the hands of Sweetser and the rest of the committee with silent emotion and felt supremely happy, *and that I deserved it all.*

My wife and the girls were equally overcome, but soon recovered sufficient composure to wipe their eyes and order Bridget to throw aside the sliding doors of the back-parlor where a sumptuous banquet awaited the attention and appetite of our friends. I could only wave them toward the table, and with commendable alacrity they devoted themselves, without useless ceremony, to the choice Champagne, Bourbon, and brandy I had with generous forethought provided for their delectation.

I can say with truth that that was the proudest moment of my life. I felt now that my abilities had at last met with due appreciation, and, in fact, and in my mind's eye, I saw my way clear to at least a seat in Congress.

The committee did justice to our hospitality, and it was very late, or rather early, when they left. Three of them, owing to the festivities falling in their knee-joints, were unable to walk home, and had to be conveyed in the bottom of a baker's cart (the only vehicle procurable at that hour), but these were enthusiasts who threw their whole souls into every undertaking.

We slept but little, if any, the remainder of that night. It took at least two hours after our guests had departed to thoroughly examine the gift and review the ceremony and entertainment. "I must say, my dear, that the whole affair is highly creditable indeed to all concerned," remarked I to Mrs. P. "Very, very creditable."

"Yes, love," replied my wife, with her eyes still on the silver; "it is so gratifying also to find that one has so many warm and devoted friends."

"It is indeed. It would be gratifying to any one's feelings. It is to mine," I acknowledged with proud consciousness and with a glow of satisfaction still on my countenance as I stood warming my back at the fire.

"And what an heir-loom this will be, Palafox! Just think!—your great-grandchildren will cherish each piece, and point with pride to the inscription: 'Presented to Palafox Primrose, Esq., Christmas, 1863, by the—'"

"Is Mr. Spinneymush, that little fellow with the heavy mustache, married?" interrupted my daughter Susan.

This introduced a new train of ideas; and, with a yawn, I suggested the propriety of retiring for the remainder of the night.

"Let us put the silver away before we go. But where shall we put it? It won't be safe to leave it here," said Mrs. P.

"True, Emma; true. I think that, for this night, we had better each take a piece to bed with us. That will be the safest plan."

And so Mrs. Primrose and I hid the salver between the mattresses of our bed, and the tea-pot under the bolster; while the girls took charge of the cream-jug and sugar-bowl. The tea-pot—or, rather, the possession of it—made a wakeful pillow, for my thoughts would revert to certain ideas engendered by Mrs. Primrose's last remark, and which excited apprehensions of a rather unpleasant nature. The morning brought but little reassurance. I am not a rash man; but, on the contrary, rather a cautious one—in fact, a nervously cautious one. My dwelling is a detached one, on the outskirts of the city, and near an unquiet and disorderly neighborhood; hence I think I was justified in feeling for the safety of my family while in possession of such a tempting bait for burglars.

I went to business, and received the congratulation of the clerks with my elation much subdued, especially as I noted that some of them appeared rather dissatisfied, and as if they looked upon me in the light of an extortioner. If so, they little thought how they were being avenged.

I took home with me that evening an abundance of bolts, long and strong, and a six-shooter. Mrs. Primrose turned a little pale at the sight of the weapon and my determined aspect, but said nothing. She awoke me, however, several times during the night to listen, so that I passed a somewhat restless one.

"My dear, why not buy a safe—a burglar-proof one?" suggested Mrs. P.; "then we might sleep in perfect security."

I merely answered that a burglar-proof safe was an expensive expedient, costing probably as much as the service was worth; and hinted that I had already laid out as much money in honor of the testimonial as I could afford.

The following evening Bridget, our faithful handmaiden, brought the unwelcome intelligence that the fact of our possessing the testimonial was known in the disorderly neighborhood; that children had been hanging on our palings all the afternoon to catch a glimpse of it; and that she had heard it talked about in the grocery between several men of indigent appearance.

"D—n the service!" I exclaimed; "I wish it were further!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" said my gentle helpmeet, reproving the hasty objurgation. "Palafox, that's rather ungenerous to our kind friends. It may be somewhat annoying for the present, but think of the pride of your great-grandchildren."

I was on the point of anathematizing those unborn innocents, when fortunately Mrs. Primrose stopped my mouth with her little hand and prevented me.

"I'll tell you what we can do, dear. We can get a Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph, that I see advertised, and have the wires affixed to every door and window, and in case any one attempted to enter bells would be set a-ringing that would arouse the whole household."

"A very good idea indeed, Emma; I'll order one to-morrow. Meanwhile I'll step down to the station-house and have a talk with the police on the subject."

As a prudent man I deemed it my duty to notify the authorities of the suspicious excitement prevalent in the disorderly neighborhood on the subject of my testimonial.

"I am glad you mentioned it," said the sergeant on duty, "for there's a 'lush drum' in the avenue near you, much frequented by 'crossmen,' 'knucks,' and 'koniackers,' and you had better keep a sharp look to your locks. I'll direct the men to keep an eye on your premises, however, and we'll put 'em 'dead to rights' if any thing is attempted."

At my request the gentlemanly officer explained that "lush drum" meant a low dram-shop patronized by thieves; that "crossmen" were house-breakers; "knucks" pickpockets; and "koniackers" passers of counterfeit money.

This was explicit, if not reassuring; and when I went home I followed the officer's advice, and kept a very sharp look to my locks. It was too bitterly cold that night to delude one's self into the belief that the vigilant police had the promised eye on my premises, and I had a horrid dream that a detachment of crossmen and koniackers from the lush drum, armed with bludgeons and daggers, had feloniously invaded our bedchamber.

The next night we had the protection of the Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph; but Bridget, who had sat up rather late with a cousin "from the wars," thought she heard a noise in the back-yard, and, forgetting the alarm telegraph, threw up the dining-room window without detaching the wire. Instantly a frightful tintinnabulation resounded throughout the house, and Mrs. Primrose and the girls were thrown into convulsions of terror. Alarmed at the condition of my poor spouse, I dared not leave her to ascertain what had happened; and for a few minutes, that seemed hours, we suffered indescribable fears, when Bridget arrived to explain the mishap and relieve our apprehensions.

"Emma," said I at breakfast the next morning, "that service is undoubtedly a flattering testimonial, but it is also a nuisance. I would like," I added, faintly, "to—to—sell it."

"Palafox, surely you are not in earnest," said Mrs. P., gravely; "for my part, I would rather undergo untold torments than part with it in that way."

"Well, Mrs. Primrose," said I, in a determined tone, "I suppose we must keep it here until after New-Year's Day, for the whole department promises to visit us on that day, and the silver must be on exhibition; but after that I will not consent to keep it any longer, and subject you and the girls to such constant frights."

A new expedient suggested itself to Mrs. P. "Why not keep it in some bank? Have a neat mahogany case lined with velvet, made to contain it, and keep it in some bank where we can have it at a moment's notice."

"An excellent idea, my dear; I never thought of it. I'll order the case at once."

Meanwhile New-Year's Day came, and with it a host of clerks from the department, who brought their friends, and all admired the service, and all preferred quenching their thirst in Champagne than in tea or coffee. And some did so, I regret to say, with an avidity that betrayed their intention of getting the worth of their subscription in wine.

The mahogany case was finished, and I called on the cashier of the bank where I keep my little account and stated my wishes.

"My dear Sir, we would oblige you with pleasure, but I wouldn't advise you to leave it here. The bank could not assume the least responsibility of such a deposit; and this being something that you prize far beyond its intrinsic value, why, if it were lost or stolen—"

"Oh," said I, rather eagerly, "I would not expect you to assume the slightest responsibility. I should be perfectly satisfied even if it were lost, knowing that I had left it at my risk."

There was sincerity in my tones, but the cashier was evidently bent on refusing me.

"Um!" he replied. "Well; but the difficulty is, we have no room to spare for it. It is altogether too cumbersome. I would oblige you otherwise; but in this case the *case* is the objection—ha, ha! Do you take?"

I left him in despair, but calm despair, with my mind fully made up to fling the confounded testimonial into the river ere I would pass another night of such tribulation as I had undergone.

Fortunately, on my way to consummate my intention of consigning the silver to the locker of David Jones, a symbol met my gloomy gaze that bade me hope and be of good cheer—an insignia that betokened the habitation of one devoted to relieving the necessities of the distressed; of a philanthropist full of the milk of human kindness and of money—a responsible man who invited my confidence, and to whom, in a short interview, I imparted my desires. He promised instant relief, and in the most generous manner offered not only to take charge of the testimonial, but also to lend me a handsome sum of money for the privilege of being custodian.

I went home with a light heart. The next day my friend was in possession of the silver. He has it now. He gave me his bond to return it at any time I might want it; and although I would have preferred being under no further obligations to him, yet he insisted so strongly on it, that, rather than hurt his feelings, I accepted a little loan, which my great-grandchildren, if they wish to point with pride to the inscription, may repay with, of course, interest.

And now, in conclusion, I will state, for the benefit of any who may be now or hereafter afflicted with a testimonial, that my benefactor's name is Mr. Aaron Abednego, the pawnbroker.

TWO VISIONS.

I.

I saw her in the stately dance
 Move proudly, like a queen;
Her perfect head was raised, her glance
 Was steady, calm, serene.
I said, "Would that the world of such were full,
 For she is very beautiful!"

II.

I saw her by the low bedside
 Of sickness gently move;
Upon her face no look of pride,
 But sympathy and love.
I said, "Would that the world of such were full,
 For she is more than beautiful!"

MARIE; OR, THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

Toward the close of October, on a fine day which I well remember, though so many years have since elapsed, I was returning on foot from Orleans, to the ancient Chateau de Bardy, one of those relics of a former age which have always an interest from old associations. The road wound circuitously among the hills; the sun was shining brightly on the green fields and the little cottages half hidden in their trees; the air, soft and warm, was laden with the rich odor of fruit, and Nature all around me seemed to riot in the luxury of life. Some distance in advance, and on the same road, a regiment of the Garde Etrangère was marching leisurely along, the gay uniforms forming a brilliant contrast with the tranquil air which seemed to spread itself over the country. I pushed quickly on, for I wanted to listen to the music of their band, of which I could only catch a few distant notes; but as I drew nearer, the music ceased, and the drum only beat from time to time, to mark the measured step of the soldiers. After half an hour I came up with them, and I was surprised and pleased to recognize in one of the officers a friend whom I had known in Paris. We saluted each other, and walked on together in conversation, when the regiment suddenly wheeled off the road, and halted on a little common beside it, surrounded almost entirely with fir-trees.

"You are about to manœuvre, I suppose?"

"No," said the captain, with a shrug of his shoulders, "we have a bad job here. They are about to try, and probably shoot, a soldier of my company, for having robbed the peasant he was billeted on."

"What! judge him and condemn him and execute him, all in the same moment?"

"'Tis according to the articles," answered he.

The word, in his sense, was unanswerable; as if in these articles every thing had been provided for—crime and chastisement, justice and humanity itself.

"Come," said the captain, "follow me, if you have any curiosity; it will soon be over."

Instinctively I followed him, for I was desirous of seeing the end of this strange drama.

The regiment was formed in a square; behind the second line, and at the edge of the wood, a few of the soldiers were digging a grave. A cold chill ran through me as I saw it. But still it was quite possible that the culprit might be declared innocent, and I consoled myself with the reflection.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were sitting upon drums, and a ninth, to the right of them and a little in advance, wrote from time to time a few words on a sheet of paper, which was spread out on his knees; but he seemed to me to do it negligently, and as a mere matter of form.

The prisoner was summoned. He was a young man, of fine appearance, and with a frank, open look, which was in itself a recommendation; and with him a woman advanced, who was the only witness in the matter.

The colonel turned toward her, and was about to interrogate her, when the soldier stepped forward.

"'Tis useless," said he; "I confess every thing; it is I who have stolen the handkerchief of this woman."

"You, Titer," said the colonel, "you have always passed for an honest fellow."

"'Tis true, colonel, I have always tried to please my officers. 'Tis not for myself I stole it; 'tis for Marie."

"For what Marie?"

"For Marie who lives yonder, in the country; 'tis by Areneberg, by the great tree that— Shall I never see her again?"

"Explain yourself, Titer. I can not comprehend you."

"My colonel, read, I pray, this letter." And he handed him the following letter, every word of which is living in my memory:

"Titer, dear Friend,—I avail myself of Arnold, the recruit, who is engaged in thy regiment, to send to thee this letter and a silk purse which I have made after thy wish. I hid myself from my father to make it; for he scolds me always for loving thee so much, and tells me thou wilt never come back. But thou wilt come back, Titer? Even if thou dost not, I shall still love thee. Did I not promise thee, on the day when thou broughtest me my blue kerchief at the dance at Areneberg? When shall I again see thee? It gives me pleasure to hear thou art esteemed by thy officers, loved by thy comrades. But thou hast still two years. Pass them quickly, and then we will marry at the last. Adieu, Titer, dear friend.

"Thy dear Marie.

"P.S.—Try to send me something from France; not for fear that I forget thee, but that I may carry it with me. But thou must kiss what thou sendest, for I am sure I shall find at once the place of thy kiss."

When the letter had been read Titer again spoke. "Arnold," said he, "brought me that letter last night, when I received my billet. All night I had no sleep; for I was thinking of my country and of Marie. She had asked of me something from France; but I had no money, for I have engaged my pay for three months to set free my brother and cousin, who are returned to their country now a few days past. This morning I got up to leave, and I opened my window. A blue kerchief was hanging on a cord. It was like Marie's; it had the same color, the same white lines in it. I had the weakness to take it. I placed it in my haversack, and I descended to the street; but I repented, and I was returning to the house when the woman ran after me. The handkerchief was found on me. I have told the truth. The articles say I am to be shot. Shoot me, then, but do not despise me."

The judges could not hide their emotion. Who could? But when it was put to the vote he was condemned to death unanimously. He listened to the sentence with calmness, and then, approaching the captain, he prayed of him that he would lend him four francs. The captain handed them to him.

And then I saw him turn to the woman, to whom the handkerchief had been restored, and I heard these words:

"Here, Madame, are four francs: I know not if the handkerchief be worth more; but if it be, I am giving my life for it as well. I pray you, then, to let me take it."

The poor woman, trembling and horrified, let it drop from her hand, and Titer, taking it from the ground, walked back to the officer.

"My officer," said he, in a tone that it was suffocating to hear, and that brought tears into all eyes, "in two years you will return to our mountains; you will again see them. Ask for Marie, then, at Areneberg; all the village knows Marie—she is so good. My officer, give her this handkerchief from poor Titer; but ah! do not say at what price he bought it. You promise?"

"I promise," replied the other, the tears rolling down his swarthy cheeks.

And then Titer knelt down and began to recommend his soul to God. As for me, I could no longer bear this horrible spectacle—this martyrdom of an innocent whom Nature herself absolved. I crawled away, sick with horror, my limbs trembling under me, and a weight hanging heavily on my heart, and threw myself into the wood, that I might not see the cruel tragedy about to happen.

"Just Heavens!" I cried, as I leaned almost in weakness against the trunk of a tree; "of what impieties is not man guilty! Not even for an hour can he be good and kind. Tigers are more merciful. We are to each other wolves or divinities. God pardon this hapless one—"

The echo of the muskets rang through the wood; the very leaves seemed to tremble as it rolled from tree to tree. I fell upon my knees; I wept aloud.

By-and-by, when all was quiet, I stole out of the wood. They had all gone. All? Alas! I turned again to the road, and I shuddered to see, at a little distance, the short grass crimsoned with ghastly stains; close by was a mound of new-dug earth. I broke down a branch from one of the trees, and fashioned it into a rude cross; and I planted it on the unknown grave where poor Titer lies, forgotten by all the world save by me and perhaps by Marie.

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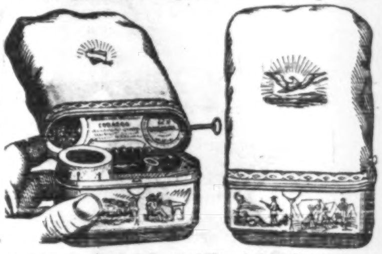

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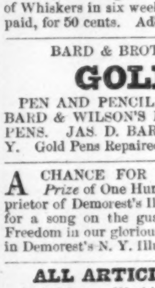

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